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Choice Poetry.

HAPPIEST DAYS.

They tell us, Love, that you and I
Our happiest days are seeing,
While yet in dust from either's eye
The charm that wakes on being;
Ah! life they say's a weary way,
With loss of joy than sorrow;
For where the sunlight falls to day,
There'll be a shade to-morrow.

If ours be love that will not bear
The test of change and censure,
And only deeper channels wear
In parting to each meeting;
Then better were it that to-day
We fervently were praying,
That what we have might pass away
While we the words were saying.

The heart has depths of bitterness
As well as depths of pleasure;
And those who love, love not, unless
They both of these can measure.
There is a time, and it will come,
When this they must discover;
And woe it either then be dumb
To power that moved the Lover!

There are some spots where each will fall,
And each will need sustainment;
And suffering is the lot of all,
And is of God's ordaining;
Then wherefore do our hearts unite
In bonds that none can sever,
If not to bless each changing light,
And strengthen each endeavor?

Then, while these happy days we bless,
Let us no doubt be sowing;
God's mercy never will be less,
Though He should change the showing
Such be our faith, as on we tread,
Each trusting and obeying,
As two who by His hand are led,
And hear what He is saying.

Original Novelet.

THE BELLE OF THE SPRINGS.

(CONCLUDED.)

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY CAROLINE LEE HENTZ, AUTHOR OF "THE MOB CAP," "LINDA," &c.

[Entered according to the Act of Congress, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER IV.

Behold the map of the future, as it unrolls before the eyes of Grace Rolland! She is the betrothed bride of Lorraine, who, under the genial influence of love and hope and joy, seems a renovated being. But he must take care of his love, since it is precious to another. He is to pass this Winter in the city of Rome, and when the Spring, too, for its capricious gales are more to be feared than the frosty breath of Winter. In Summer he is to return, to claim the hand of his young and lovely betrothed! Mr. Rolland, after heaving a sigh over his one-in-law stout, Harry Blount, "God blesses them" over and over again, and looks hopefully on the future. The negroes, too, feel "might merry for Master Harry," with whom he is prime favorite, and who has always called Grace his little wife. They have a great respect for physical power and majesty, and could not feel quite reconciled to the idea of their young mistress being married to a man who, though romantically handsome, was obliged to use the support of a crutch. But he is kind, he is good—he loves her, and she loves him—and if God is willing, they ought to be so, too. The leaves have turned to gold on the twigs of the chestnut-tree, they have withered, shriveled, fallen to the ground, and the naked branches stretch out blankly towards a wintry sky. Again the embryo foliage has budded, bloomed, and clothed with graceful drapery the grove in which Grace was embosomed, and Lorraine still lingers in a foreign land. He was coming, but is detained by a slight cold. He has been better, so much better, he forgot he had been an invalid, and he would soon be well again. Thus Hope whispered and Love believed. In the meantime, some new members were added to the household.

Mr. Rolland was called by business into the interior of the State. One night, as he stopped for rest at an inn in a flourishing village, he heard a female voice singing in the next apartment. It was very sweet, and as the notes reached, they died away on the ear, old remembrances stirred within him. "Where have I heard that voice before?" thought he. "Ah! it must be Miss Wilson's."

Now, though he had been very angry with Miss Wilson for deserting Grace, his conscience had often smitten him for having tempted her to deception. It was he who had proposed to her to assume the honors of heiress-ship, and allure the two rejected lovers into the toils of Grace. It was he who had thrown her into temptation, and he had frequently plastered her to himself, with many twinges of self-reproach, as suffering the usual consequences of such folly—desertion, poverty, and a broken heart. Her voice thrilled pleasantly through his heart. It was not exactly a happy strain, neither was it that which issues from a breaking heart. Rising, he walked softly towards the door, which was ajar, and paused into the apartment adjoining his own. He felt ashamed of himself while he did so; for, had he followed his first, straight-forward impulse, he would have bolted at once in the room. But though impulse pushed him forward, delicacy, respect for women, which was like a silver thread through the coarser web of his character, held him back. A lady, dressed in the plainest robe of black silk, sat in a low chair, crooning an infant in her arms. It was the lullaby over her child that she had stolen softly through the crevice of the door, and fallen upon his ear. At first he scarcely recognized in the colorless face bending over the child, the blooming countenance of Miss Wilson. There was something so strange, so inconsistent to him in seeing her in the tender attitude of maternity, he could hardly believe the evidence of his senses. There was something, too, in the song, whose soft arms seem formed to be the cradle of infancy, whose bosom the pillow of innocence, who rewind one of the sweet, virgin mother.... His own Grace for instance. Child-like as she was, it would have seemed far more natural for her to sing to her young heart her own, slumbering babe, than her former instructress. As soon as Mr. Rolland entered her timidity began to dawn in his mind, he gave a gentle tap at the door, and walked in, before she could rise from her couch.

"Don't let me disturb you, I beg of you," said he, in, with manifest embarrassment, she attempted to rise. "I am very glad to see you again, Miss—Mrs.—I forget your name. I beg your pardon—a fine infant; your own, I suppose—a boy or a girl?"

Mr. Rolland felt so awkward at his unexpected intrusion upon a lady's retirement, that he could upon the child as a subject of conversation, with great confidence. When told that it was a girl, and that its name was Gracie, the chord that vibrated to the sweetest music of his heart was touched. He took the child very gently in his arms, (he was very fond of children) and walking backwards and forwards, waved it to and fro, with a fluttering motion, as if it had been a branch of peacock feathers. Mrs. Ormond lifted her pale face, with a softer smile than he had ever seen illumine it. She inquired after Grace, and when told she was betrothed to Lorraine, she said she was glad, for she knew him to be worthy of her love. He had every qualification but health, and she hoped he would find that in a sunnier land. There was a pause. Again Mr. Rolland fastened the long down in the air, and another smile fitted over the mother's face.

"Where is Mr.—Mr.—"

"Mr. Ormond?"

"Yes, Mr. Ormond—your husband."

"He is gone abroad this evening; but I expect he will soon return."

"He is well, I hope?"

"Very well."

There was another pause; but Mr. Rolland was not a man to make many circumvolutions when he had a direct object before him.

"Mrs. Ormond," said he, depositing, with great care, the baby in her arms, "I'll try to remember your name. I'm a blunt man, as you well know; I make no allusion to the past—for it was my fault as much as your own, perhaps more. I want you to treat me as an old friend. Can I do anything for you? Can I do anything for your husband?"

"Thank you," she replied, and there was feeling in her tone. "This kindness is unexpected; but I do not think we have occasion to tax it."

"Do not think me inquisitive; but has Mr. Ormond a fortune?"

"He has none."

"Has he a profession?"

"He has not."

"Then how the deuce are you supported?"

"I give lessons in music and drawing."

"And Mr. Ormond?"

She did not blush, for her complexion was not a mutable one, but she looked vexed and disconcerted.

"There are some subjects which the oldest and most privileged friend cannot approach. If I am satisfied with my lot, no one has a right to intrude."

"To be sure not; but what in the name of wonder do you do with that baby when you are attending to your lessons? You have a nurse, of course?"

"When it is necessary."

She spoke this in a cold, haughty tone, as if to repel further interrogations. But Mr. Rolland had a plan in his head, and would persevere.

"Mrs. Ormond," said he, "you must not be offended with me. I want you and your husband both to go home with me. Grace—God bless her sweet little heart!—will be married soon, and will be taken up with her own little concerns; and the negroes will want some one to look after them. I wanted Lorraine to come to Chesnut Grove, and never take any thing from them; but he has a grand old homestead of his own, and nothing must do but he must plant my blossom there. I should like to indulge myself a little more than I have done, and Mr. Ormond can assist me in looking after the plantation, and overseeing the overseers. The baby can roll about under the chesnut trees, till it is fat as a guelia and round as a barr. Come—it will seem like old times to have you back again."

Mrs. Ormond, who had been struggling in secret with an adverse and self-imposed destiny, and whom heart a strong, though misplaced attachment, and the added claims of maternity, had chastened and softened, turned aside her head and wept. The husband, whose fascinating exterior had won her heart, was vain, weak, idle and self-indulgent, but he was not seldomed to the vices which are the usual accompaniments of these qualities. He was shockingly disappointed, and as angry as he was capable of being, when he discovered that the heiress whom he had stolen away to retrieve his ruined fortunes, was as poor as himself, but, with the pliability of indolence, he soon yielded to what was inevitable, and she, conscious that he had been allured by her reputed wealth, and that she had sanctioned the deception while aware of his poverty, bravely set herself to the task before her. With all the energy of her character, she resumed her former profession, and supported herself and her handsome husband by her talents and accomplishments. She soon acquired the commanding influence a strong mind exercise over a weak one, and whatever aching void her mind and heart might feel, the world never knew it. Such kindness and generosity, where she expected and knew she merited reproach touched her sensibilities and awakened her gratitude.

"She would love to see dear Grace once more," she said, "and, if Mr. Ormond would consent—"

The door swung back at this moment, and a man of such a princely and commanding appearance entered, that Mr. Rolland looked up to him with involuntary respect and admiration.—The feeling, however, soon passed away, when he remembered that this man of such noble presence revelled in the luxury of idleness, and allowed his wife to toil for his support, as well as her own. Still, for the sake of that pale wife, he was determined to tolerate him, and he renewed to him the invitation he had just pressed on Mrs. Ormond. It was received with many courteous smiles and graceful bows, and the result was, that a short time now them the hospitably received and cherished guests of Mr. Rolland and Grace.

The stranger who saw Mr. Ormond mounted on a magnificent black horse, with a long, sweeping tail, riding about the plantation, while Mr. Rolland, in his broad-brimmed hat, and plain suit, jogged by his side, would be likely to suppose the first an Eastern Prince, accompanied by one of his humble attendants.

CHAPTER V.

"He comes not. I have watched the moon go down,
And yet he comes not."

Thus sighed Grace to herself, as night after night she watched the silver glory of the moon, as the light that was lighting the beloved wanderer on his homeward way. "A slight cold!" what worlds of apprehension were compressed in that little phrase! The tone of his letters, too, was changed. It was no longer the full, exalted one of hope—it was on the minor key of tenderness and sadness. It no longer expatiated in the joys of an earthly union, but rather dwelt on the happiness of a celestial wedlock. Though all these was a yearning desire for home and native land, that last, passionate longing of the drooping pilgrim's heart.

Mr. Rolland tried to cheer up Grace, though he had many misgivings of his own. Lorraine always was too much given to despondency. He was home-sick, love-sick. He would be well as soon as he breathed the pure air of Chesnut Grove, and basked again on the sweet face of his betrothed one. Grace tried to smile on her deluding friend opposed to believe all, and hope all, but there was a leaden weight at the bottom of her heart pressing it lower and lower, and making it feel colder and colder. She prayed now but to see him once again, to hear once more that voice which was sweeter to her ear than the songs of the cherubim, to go hand in hand with him through the shadows of the valley of Death, and watch that on he looked the shining coast on which had reached the borders of the promised land.

He did come—at last. He was taken from the carriage and supported into the house. The cheery crutch was no longer equal to sustaining his fainting strength. Alabaster was hardly whiter or more transparent than his cheek, and then his eyes, of such inspiriting brightness, with such prayerful earnestness in their solemn depths!

"God be praised!" said he, that sweetest of human voices had lost nothing of its touching tones. Like fathos of more in the day of the sun, it seemed as it fell and sank into the soul. "God be praised," he cried. "Praised for this hour of unutterable bliss."

He was reclining on a sofa. Grace sat on a low seat by his side, her right arm around him, her head with all its wealth of beautiful, but now disordered ringlets, bent down upon the pillow that supported his head.

"Grace, my beloved, I have returned but to die."

"I know it. I feel it. I have long felt that it would be so."

"Forgive me for the blight I have cast over your youth. Forgive my selfishness, and be once more as though I had never been—oh! I have sinned. Father in Heaven—I have sinned against her and Thee, and I am not worthy of the happiness of this hour."

"Speak not so, Lorraine," cried she, raising her face and fixing her eyes steadfastly on his. "You have given me all of life that is worth possessing. You found my mind a chaos—without form or void. Like the Divine Spirit, you divided the light from the darkness, and the darkness rolled away. You taught me to think. You taught me to love. Oh! Lorraine," continued she, in an excited tone, borne up by the strength of her love and sorrow, "I would not exchange the bliss of loving as I love for all the world can offer besides. So many, many live a long, long life without ever having their hearts awakened—or when it is too late, too late they meet some being whom they could worship and adore as I do them, and they dare not do it, and they die without knowing what a heaven it is to have all the boundless capacities of the heart filled even to overflowing. Oh! have I not been blest? I, a poor, simple little girl, unworthy of the smallest portion of your affection, to be the chosen bride of your heart and aunt, to be yours in death, yours in eternity."

A bright, feverish spot burned upon her cheek. Her eyes had a darkened hue. She was like one under the influence of opium, supported by unnatural excitement.

"You are worthy of the passion of an angel," exclaimed Lorraine, "and will soon be the object of an angel's love and guardian care. I will come and minister unto thee, for angels do minister to suffering humanity. But there is one thing I would ask before I die. It may be selfish, it may be wrong, and if so I pray that I may be denied. When I am gone, the thought that you bore my name, even for a short time, would be inexpressibly dear to me. Mine in heart, as you are, to be mine in name would bind still closer that union which only consummated on earth will be consummated in Heaven."

Grace welcomed the proposition with rapture. In the excited state of her feelings she believed that she, too, would die, and to be his bride in death would sanctify her to a place side by side with him in the kingdom of Heaven.

Mr. Rolland was a warm-hearted, generous man, but he was not without his worldly feelings, and he knew that Lorraine had large possessions which Grace would inherit were she his wife even for one hour. He had some vague superstitious fears about seeing her nuptial blue exhumated at such an awful moment, but even if he had obtained the dispensation of the Holy Father, would have vanished before the earnest will of Grace to be the wife of the dying Lorraine. She could have exclaimed—

I would rather bear that dear and honored name
For one short hour, than live a thousand years
Of joy, if such could be, divided from thee.

The next day a minister was summoned to bless the marriage rites with the fast gathering solemnities of death. Grace, white as marble and almost as cold, knelt by the couch on which Lorraine reclined, and clasped his feeble hand in hers. Mr. Rolland wept like a child. The tender-hearted negroes, who were arranged in a semi-circle on each side of the minister, wept and sobbed behind their aprons. The minister, a venerable, white-locked man, paused to wipe the tears from his aged eyes. Mrs. Ormond covered her face with her handkerchief—every one wept but the devoted pair. With hand clasped in hand, eyes looking into the depths of each others' souls, they received the nuptial benediction.

The unconquerable desire to return and die in the presence, in the arms of her he loved, had borne up Lorraine's failing strength, and perhaps its consolation; a great deal of heroism in the effort still strives after cheerfulness and awaits the smile, which though it will at first fit from the faded lips, will at last settle and shed brightness and beauty there.

Ah! if Grace wanted to be a bride, the Bells of the Springs, how easily she could have been one now! What enthusiastic admiration followed the young, dark, beautiful widow wherever she moved! Still dressed in the widow's sable weeds, with her beautiful hair parted simply on her brow and gathered up behind, though the sombreness and shadows still spotted in its waves, which could remain after the singlets were banished, and an expression of heavenly sweetness breathing on her youthful features, Grace was far lovelier than when she first met the eyes of Lorraine.

She loved to walk with Angelica through the walks he loved—to sit down on the same rustic seats and see the bubbling waters sparkle as she was wont to do.

"You will marry again, dear Grace," said Angelica one day, after a conversation of unreserved confidence. "You were not formed for a life of loneliness—love is your native element, and you cannot live happily in a colder atmosphere."

"One who has loved such a man as Lorraine, and been blessed by his love, can be happier in the presence, in the arms of her he loved, but borne up Lorraine's failing strength, and perhaps its consolation; a great deal of heroism in the effort still strives after cheerfulness and awaits the smile, which though it will at first fit from the faded lips, will at last settle and shed brightness and beauty there.

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Our Picture Gallery.

OUTLET OF NIAGARA RIVER.

Above is a view of the Outlet of Niagara River, taken from the New York side, and looking towards Lake Ontario, whose deep blue waters are seen in the distance. The fortification on the right hand of the picture is Fort Niagara, and that on the left side is Fort Mississagua on the opposite Canada shore. Fort Niagara is one of the most interesting fortifications, historically considered, in the New World. It has been at different times in the possession of the French and the English, whose flags have floated above its ramparts, and now the stars and stripes wave proudly over its battlements. Fort Niagara was originally founded by M. de La Salle in 1679, a French soldier who obtained permission of the Indians to erect a log house, and by a stratagem succeeded in converting it into a fortification while they were absent on a hunting excursion to which he had lured them. A considerable part of the present fort was constructed by the French in 1726, and the massiveness and strength of the structure show the importance which was attached to the fortification by its original founders. Sir William Johnson, the English commander, obtained possession of Fort Niagara in 1759, built the magazine, and greatly improved and strengthened it in other respects. During our revolutionary war it was the scene of many cruel excesses of savage warfare; the British and Indians have joined hands historically considered, in the New World. It has been at different times in the possession of the French and the English, whose flags have floated above its ramparts, and now the stars and stripes wave proudly over its battlements. Fort Niagara was originally founded by M. de La Salle in 1679, a French soldier who obtained permission of the Indians to erect a log house, and by a stratagem succeeded in converting it into a fortification while they were absent on a hunting excursion to which he had lured them. A considerable part of the present fort was constructed by the French in 1726, and the massiveness and strength of the structure show the importance which was attached to the fortification by its original founders. Sir William Johnson, the English commander, obtained possession of Fort Niagara in 1759, built the magazine, and greatly improved and strengthened it in other respects. During our revolutionary war it was the scene of many cruel excesses of savage warfare; the British and Indians have joined hands historically considered, in the New World. It has been at different times in the possession of the French and the English, whose flags have floated above its ramparts, and now the stars and stripes wave proudly over its battlements. Fort Niagara was originally founded by M. de La Salle in 1679, a French soldier who obtained permission of the Indians to erect a log house, and by a stratagem succeeded in converting it into a fortification while they were absent on a hunting excursion to which he had lured them. A considerable part of the present fort was constructed by the French in 1726, and the massiveness and strength of the structure show the importance which was attached to the fortification by its original founders. Sir William Johnson, the English commander, obtained possession of Fort Niagara in 1759, built the magazine, and greatly improved and strengthened it in other respects. During our revolutionary war it was the scene of many cruel excesses of savage warfare; the British and Indians have joined hands historically considered, in the New World. It has been at different times in the possession of the French and the English, whose flags have floated above its ramparts, and now the stars and stripes wave proudly over its battlements. Fort Niagara was originally founded by M. de La Salle in 1679, a French soldier who obtained permission of the Indians to erect a log house, and by a stratagem succeeded in converting it into a fortification while they were absent on a hunting excursion to which he had lured them. A considerable part of the present fort was constructed by the French in 1726, and the massiveness and strength of the structure show the importance which was attached to the fortification by its original founders. Sir William Johnson, the English commander, obtained possession of Fort Niagara in 1759, built the magazine, and greatly improved and strengthened it in other respects. During our revolutionary war it was the scene of many cruel excesses of savage warfare; the British and Indians have joined hands

Pictures of Life.

THE MECHANIC'S HOME.

One evening, in the early part of the Winter, the door-bell rang with energy, and the servant announced a man who wished to see me. "A man!" in one thing, with a servant, a "gentleman," another, a "person" something different from either. The man stood in the hall, but I wondered why he had not been called a gentleman. I was puzzled where to place him myself. His dress was very neat, but plain, and rather coarse. His hands, that badge of refinement, was white, in perfect order, and almost elegant. Every thing about him seemed substantial; but nothing gave a clue to his position in life. In all outward seeming, he was simply a man. When he spoke to me, his address was simple, clear, direct, and with a certain air of self-reliance, the farthest possible from a vulgar bluster.

"Doctor," he said, "I wish you would go and see my child. We fear he is threatened with croup."

This case, which he described as we went along, was a pretty clear one, and I hurried my walk still more, and in a few moments we were at the door. We went up, up, up, to the fourth story. The last flight of stairs was carpeted, and a small lamp at the top lighted us up. An excellent and very durable kind of mat lay at the door. You will see, in time, why I give these little particulars.

I entered the opened door, and was welcomed by a rather pretty and remarkable tidy woman, who could have been nobody in the world but the wife of the man who had commenced me.

"I am glad you have come so soon," she said, in a soft, pure accent. "Little William seems so distressed that he can hardly breathe;" and the mother's tone, as we passed through a narrow passage where he lay, I heard the unmistakable croupy sound, that justly carries such terror to the parent's heart.

"Is it the croup, Doctor?" asked the father, with a voice of emotion, as I bent over the child, a fine boy, three years of age.

"It is certainly the croup," I as'd, "and a pretty violent attack. How long is it since you thought him sick?"

"Only since an hour," was the calm reply. It was made calm by a firm self-control. I looked at the mother. She was very pale, but did not rust herself to speak.

"Then there is probably but little danger," I said; "but we have something to do. Have you the water here?"

The husband went to what seemed a closet, opened two doors, and disclosed a neat pine bathing-tub, supplied with the Croton. This was beyond my hopes; but I had no time to wonder. The little fellow was in a high fever, and laboring for every breath. Taking him from his little crib, where he lay upon a nice hair mattress, fit for a Prince to sleep on, I took off his clean night-clothes, stood him in the bath-tub, and made his father pour full upon his neck and chest three pails of cold water, while I rubbed them briskly with my hand. He was then wiped dry, and rubbed until his whole body was glowing like a flame. Then I swung a large towel out of cold water and put it round his throat, and then wrapped him up in blankets. The brave little fellow had borne it all without a complaint, as if he understood that under his father's eye no harm could come to him. In fifteen minutes after he was wrapped in the blankets he was in a profuse perspiration, in a sound slumber, and breathing freely. The danger was over—so rapid is this terrible disease, so easily cured. Happiness had shed a serene light upon the countenance of the father, and thrown over the mother's face a glow of beauty. I looked upon them, and was more than ever puzzled where to place them. There were no marks of high birth or superior breeding—not a shadow of decayed gentility about them. It was rather the reverse, as if they were working up from a low rank of life to a higher.

I looked around the room. It was the bedroom. Every thing in it was perfectly neat and orderly. The bed, like the crib, was excellent, but not costly. The white counterpane did not cost more than ten shillings—yet how beautiful it looked! The white window curtains were shilling muslin; but their folds hung as richly as if they were damask—and how very appropriate they seemed! The bath, with its snug folding doors, I knew, had not cost, plumber's bill and all, more than ten dollars. The toilet table, of an elegant form, and completely covered, I had no doubt, was of pine, and cost half-a-dollar.—The pictures on the wall were beautifully-tinted lithographs—better, far better, than oil paintings I have seen in the houses of Millionaires; yet they can be bought at Gemgill's, or Williams', or Stevens', for three to five shillings, and a dollar apiece had framed them. The floor had a carpet that matched everything, with its small, neat figure, and a light chamber color. It was a jewel of a room, in as perfect keeping, in all its parts, as if an artist had designed it.

Leaving the little boy to his untroubled sleep, and giving directions for a bath on his waking, we went into the other room, which was differently, but just as neatly arranged. It might have answered for a parlor, (only it had a cooking stove,) for an artist's study, or a dining-room. It was hung with pictures—heads, historical pieces, and landscapes; all such as a man of taste could select and buy cheap; but which, like good books, are invaluable. And speaking of books, there was a hanging library on one side of the chimney, which a single glance assured me contained the very choicest treasures of the English tongue.

The man went to a bureau, opened a drawer, and took out some money.

"What is your fee, Doctor?" he asked, holding the bills as as to select one to pay me.

Now, I had made up my mind, before I had got half-way up the stairs, that I might have to wait for my pay—perhaps never get it; but all this had changed. I could not, as I often do, inquire into the circumstances of the case, and graduate my price accordingly. There he stood, ready to pay me, with manly enough; yet it was evident that he was a working man, and far from wealthy. I had nothing left but to name the lowest fee.

"One dollar does not seem enough," said he. "You have saved my child's life, and have been at more trouble than to merely write a prescription."

"Do you work for your living?" I asked, helping to solve the mystery.

He smiled and held out his hand, which showed the unquestionable marks of honest toil.

"You are a mechanic?" I said, willing to know more of him.

"Take that," he said, placing a two dollar note in my hand, with a not-to-be-refused air, "and I will gratify your curiosity; for there is no use in pretending that you are not a little curious."

There was a hearty, respectful freedom about this that was irresistible. I put the note in my pocket, and the man going to a door, opened it into a closet of modern size, and displayed the bench and tools of a shoemaker.

"You must be an extraordinary workman," said I, looking around the room, which seemed almost luxurious; but when I looked at each item I found that it cost very little.

"No, nothing extra; I barely manage to earn a little over a dollar a day. Mary helps me sometimes. With the business I do, and our boy to look after, she earns enough to make our wages average eight dollars a week. We began with nothing—we live as you see."

All this comfort, this respectability, this almost luxury, for eight dollars a week! I expressed my surprise. "I should be very sorry if we spent so much," said he. "We have not only managed to live on that, but we have something laid up in the savings's bank."

"Will you leave the gentleman," said I, "just to complete to me how you do it?"

"With pleasure," he replied; "for you may persuade others, no better off than I am, to make the best of their situation."

"My name," he said, "is William Gaine.—My father died when I was young, and I was turned out on opportunities to a shoemaker, with the usual providence of schooling. I did as well as boys do generally at school, and as I was very fond of reading, I made the most of my spare time and the advantages of the Apprentices' Library. Probably the books that helped me most were the sensible writings of William Cobbett.—Following his example, I determined to give myself a useful education, and I have in some degree succeeded. But a man's education is a life-long process; and the more I learn, the more I see before me.

"I was hardly out of my time when I fell in love with my Mary there, whom some people think very pretty, but whom I know to be very good."

Mary looked up with such a bright, loving smile, as to fully justify some people in their notion.

"When I had been one year a journeyman, and laid up a few dollars (for I had a strong motive to be saving,) we were married. I boarded at her father's, and she boxed above for the shop where I worked. We lived a few weeks at home; but it was not our home—the home we wanted—so we determined to set up housekeeping. It was rather a small set up, but we made it answer. I spent a week in home hunting.—Seems once too dear, seems too shabby. At last I found this place. It was new and clean, high and airy, and I thought it would do. I got it for fifty dollars a year—and though the rents all round advanced, our landlord is satisfied with that, or takes it in preference to risking a worse tenant. The place was naked enough, and we had little to put in it save ourselves; but we went cheerfully to work, carried all we could, sent all we could,—and you see the result."

"I see; but I don't know if I do understand it," said I, willing to hear him explain the economics of this modest and beautiful home.

"Well it is simple enough. When Mary and I moved ourselves here and took possession, with a table, two chairs, a cooking-stove, a saucepan or two, and a cot-bed with a straw mattress, the first thing we did was to hold a council of war. 'Now, Mary, my love,' said I, 'here we are. We have next to nothing, and we have every thing to get, and nobody but ourselves to help ourselves.'

"We found that we could earn on an average, eight dollars a week. We determined to live as simply as possible, save all we could, and make us a home. Our rent was one dollar a week—our fuel, light, water-rent, and some little sundries, a dollar more. We have allowed the same amount for our clothing, and by buying the best things, and keeping them carefully, we found well enough for that. Even my wife is satisfied with her wardrobe, and finds that rare silk at six shillings a yard is cheaper, in the long run, than calico at one shilling. That makes three dollars a week, and we had still our living to pay for.—That cost us, with three to our family, just one dollar a week more."

"One dollar spleen?"

"No—one dollar for all. You seem surprised; but we have reckoned it over and over. It cost more at first, but now we have learned to live both better and cheaper—so that we have a clear surplus of four dollars a week, after paying all expenses of rent, fire, light, water, clothing and food. I do not count our luxuries, such as an evening at the theater, at a concert, or a little party to our friends when we give a party."

I knew a smile came over my face, for he continued:

"Yes, give a party; and we have some pleasant ones, I assure you. Sometimes we have a dozen guests, which is quite enough for comfort, and our treat of chocolate, cakes, lemonade, &c., costs as much as two dollars; but this is not very often. Out of our surplus, which amounts, you see, to two hundred dollars a year, we have bought all you see, and have money in the bank."

"I see it all," said I, "all but the living. Many a mechanic spends more than that for cigars, to say nothing of liquor. Pray tell me precisely how you live."

"With pleasure. First of all, then, I smoke no cigars and chew no tobacco, and Mary takes no snuff."

Here the pleasant smile came in, but there was no interruption; for Mary seemed to think her husband knew what he was about, and could talk very well without her aid.

"I have not drunk a glass of liquor since the day I was married, except a glass of wine about four times a year, on Christmas, New Year's, Fourth of July, and William's birth-day. The last is our especial holiday. I have read enough physiology to make up my mind that tea and coffee contained no nutriment, and were poisons besides; and I tried a vegetable diet long enough to like it better than a mixed one, and I find that it agrees with me better; and as we have rent and superintendent together, of course Mary thinks as I do."

"But what do you eat and drink?" I asked, curious to see how far this self-taught philosopher had progressed in the laws of health.

"Come this way, and I will show you," he said; taking a light and leading the way into a capacious store-room. "Here, first of all, is a mill, which cost me twelve shillings. It grinds all my grain; gives me the freshest and most wholesome meal, and saves bills and the profits. This is a barrel of wheat. I buy the best, and am sure that it is clean and good. It costs less than three cents a pound; and a pound of wheat a day, you know, is food enough for any man.—We make it into bread, mush, pies, and cakes. Here is a barrel of potatoes. This is hominy. Here are some beans, a box of tapioca, some rice. Here is a barrel of apples, the best I can find in Faneuil Market. Here is a box of sugar, and there is our butter-jar. We take a quart of country milk a day; I buy the rest down here, by the box or barrel, where I can get the best and cheapest. Making wheat—eaten as mush or bread, and all made coarse, without bolting, and potatoes, or hominy, or rice, the staple, you can easily see that a dollar a week for provisions is not only ample, but allows of a healthy, and even luxurious variety. For the rest, we eat greens, vegetables, fruit and berries in their season. In the Summer we have strawberries and peaches as soon as they are ripe and good. Mary will get up a dinner from those materials at a cost of a shilling, better than the whole bill-of-fare at the Astor."

I was satisfied. Here was comfort, intelligence, taste, and modest luxury, all enjoyed by a humble mechanic, who knew how to live at the cost I have mentioned. How much unhappiness might be saved—how much genuine happiness be enjoyed—how much evil and suffering might be prevented, if all the working men in New York were as William Carter.

I never shook a man or woman by the hand with more hearty respect than when I said, "good-night" to this happy couple, who, in this expensive city, are living in luxury and growing rich on eight dollars a week, and making the hearth of a shoemaker a chair of practical philosophy.—*Condensed from the N. York Sunday Times.*

☞ A Sensible Reply.—During the examination of a witness, as to the locality of the stairs in a house, the counsel asked him:—"Which way did the stairs run?" The witness, who, by-the-by, is a noted wag, replied, "That one way they run up stairs, but that the other way they run down stairs." The learned counsel wrinkled both eyes, and then took a look at the ceiling.—*Pacific Star.*

Selected Articles.

THE CHILD ANGEL.

"She did but float a little way,
Adown the stream of time,
With dreamy eyes watching the ripples play,
Listening their fairy chime;
Her shadow and
Never fell the gale;
She did but float a little way,
And passing to the shore,
While yet 'twas early day,
Went calmly on her way.
To dwell with us no more.
No parting did she feel,
No grieving on her vessel's keel;
A strip of silver sand
Mingled the waters with the land.
Where she was seen no more,
Oh, shore word, sweetness."

How few whose names are written on it, wonder, have any idea or understanding of the solemn responsibilities resting upon them in these relations. A few years of tastefully outshone—the finish given at a fashionable boarding school, a short wooing, a gay bridal, a gayer honeymoon, and the young creature sets herself at last by her own hearth stone, and wonders if life is all a holiday.

Such a one comes up now to my recollection. The life of the round circle to which she moved, always carrying sunshine wherever she went, merry-hearted as a bird, thoughtless of the morrow; light, air, motion, all avenues of the keenest enjoyment, roving like the bee from flower to flower, extracting only honey; sensitive, ardent, inquisitive, warm hearted—but "remembering not her Creator"—lacking the "one thing needful." I loved her, so did all who knew her, for the world had not yet spoiled her fresh and generous nature; but with all that wealth of feeling and without the guiding-star of religion! I could only say, "May God keep her!"

Her husband was like herself, fond of the gay world, but fully able to appreciate the strong deep love she bore him.

A babe was given her. With a flood of joyful tears she welcomed it. At once she became the self-sacrificing, patient, enduring mother. You could not have charmed her away from that baby's cradle, or chamber; you never so wisely." Her whole heart, purse, health, were all for those; her child' joy was to watch them day footsteps to caress that fragile form. The gay, ringing laugh was heard less frequently—a sweet, calm seriousness marked her whole demeanor. She would sit for hours gazing on its cheeks bare with undressed eyes. Tears passed on. The child grew up a delicate, fragile thing, with bright, large, mournful eyes. Through which the soul seemed ever sparkling; moved to tears by a strain of sweet melody, or the gorgeous beauty of the sunset cloud—saving naught for the sports of childhood, but like the child Saviour "hearing and answering questions."

The love and devotion of Alice for her mother almost amounted to idolatry. At night her fairy head was contented from the little bed to rest in that of her mother. By day she was ever at her mother's side, with her book, or work, or her infant sports. Her mother was fond of them, fostered the child's eyes in death, I heard her pallid lips say—"Not my will, but Thine be done."

Since then the grave has closed over the husband of her youth—poverty, suffering and trial, have marked her pathway, and now the one book book and see the kindness of her Heavenly Father in them early chastening the little shrinking tomb from the storm and the tempest.

"Full short her journey was; no dust
Of earth unto her sandals clave;
The weary weight, the aged crust,
She bore not to the grave;
She seemed a cherub who had lost her way
And wandered hither; so her stay
With us was short, and 'twas most meet
That she should be no deliver in earth's cloud
Nor need to pause and cleanse her feet,
To stand before her God."

Olive Branch.

Early Risers.—A few evenings since, two young gentlemen went to the residence of two young ladies, on Fifth Street, to make a social call. The hour was very oppressive; they adjourned from the parlor to the door steps, where they seated themselves. An hour was spent in social chat, when the young ladies were called to attend to some duties in the house. On their return, after some minutes absence, they found both the young gallants stretched on the door-steps, fast asleep. The girls resolved not to disturb their slumbers, but apprised of the lights and retired for the night. Their house slept on till they were awakened by the watchmen, who demanded to know what they were doing in that situation? They were astonished on finding the doors closed upon them, and nobody stirring in the house; and on ascertaining that it was one o'clock in the morning, they were dumb-founded. Repairing instanter to the watchmen, they were allowed to breathe about their business, which they did, feeling as flat as diluted dish-water.—*Cincinnati Nonpareil.*

British Railroads.—The spirit of accommodation is not strikingly evinced on British railroads. The train halts at a place to which you are a stranger, and you perhaps hear the name called out for the benefit of the passengers who are to stop there; but whether the halt is for half a minute, five minutes or ten, you must find out as you can. The French railroads are better in this respect, and the American cannot be worse, though the fault is not unknown there. A penny programme for each train, to be sold at the chief stations on each important route, the thing not merely at what place but exactly how long each halt of that particular train would be made, is one of the yet unsatisfied wants of railroad travellers. Our "Path-finders" and "Railway Guides" undertake to tell us much that plain people are confused and often misled by them, and are unable to point out the little information they actually need from the wilderness of figures and facts set before them. Let us have Guides so simple that no guide is needed to explain them.—*Horace Greeley.*

The Traveller.

LIFE ON THE WING.

[illegible]

ed. Everybody was ready to burst with suppressed laughter, and wishing guide to Jericho, that it might have vent. At the bar, however, these grew more extreme, as the trick became apparent, for each one of the party was charged 12½ cts. a-piece for sulphurous refreshment. One of us duly observed, by way of consoling her courage, that it was too d——bh bad to be [illegible] in that way, and that the whole affair [illegible] strongly of certain regions where this water is probably the principal beverage. This spring was accidentally discovered during the war, by the burning of a mill situated on this spot, by the Americans.

Leaving Burning Springs, a ride of four miles down the river bank brought us to "Lundy's Lane," where, from the top of an observatory, we enjoyed a magnificent view of the Falls and the open country for miles round. This was, however, the least interesting feature of the entertainment, for by bestowing a trifle upon an old veteran soldier stationed at the top, we drew from him a vivid description of the action for which this spot is memorable, and in which he had been a participator. Once unloosed by our silver coin, the narrator's tongue ran on with marvellous velocity, and surprising eloquence, till the battle-ground became alive with the combat.

There, a stone marks the spot where a distinguished officer fell. Here, under cover of that wood, advanced a detachment of infantry, and swooping down at a critical juncture, turned the tide of battle. Not a locality but teemed with thrilling memories, and furnished interesting anecdote for our entertainer. There are two sides to everything, however. It had heightened our enjoyment not a little, to appropriate this narration as a special favor to ourselves, but the arrival of another party quickly dispelled this illusion. At this moment he was like a clock fairly run down, but their appearance soon wound him up again, and ere we descended, he was well under way with a second edition of the same story. Noticing a little abbreviation, and that he was longer in warming up than before, I suspected, which was probably the truth, *that he had not been so heavily fed this time!*

A fig for truth, enthusiasm, eloquence!—they are marketable commodities after all, and it is better to spare ourselves the chagrin of experiencing this, by refusing to look behind the scenes; better to beguile ourselves with life's dreams, and think it nature. The old veteran stands bravely this perpetual running down and winding up, and it is easy enough to oil him up, when the wheels get rusty.

Leaving this talking machine, we re-entered our carriage, and rode to the Wire Suspension Bridge, which we crossed on foot. Next to the one at Lewiston, this bridge is the largest and finest in the world—commanding a magnificent view of romantic scenery up and down the river—the Falls in full sight, two miles distant, and what is more than all, the thrilling sense of standing 250 feet over the river, with nothing but a plank between you and the awful plunge. Crossing in a carriage will impart a greater intensity to this feeling, with the bridge oscillating gently under the wheels. Arrived at the American side, some delay and trouble took place, as to our mode of conveyance to the hotel—none presented itself—our carriage having been dismissed on the other side, according to usage, and to save a heavy toll, were returning their way. It began to rain—we to grumble—and guide to scratch his head. I suspected some imposition, and in truth the thing was very cleverly done. Time enough elapsed to allow us to get desperate—ready to exclaim with Richard, "My Kingdom for a horse!"—when a carriage made its appearance, and as a special favor, and at a *special* price, conveyed us to our hotel. To avoid this imposition, it is better to hire a carriage for the whole trip, taking it on landing from the boat at the Canada side, and dismissing it at your hotel. A vast deal of inconvenience, and considerable expense is thus saved. It wanted an hour to sundown when we completed our day's work. Guide had kept his word, and "put us through" completely to our satisfaction. By pursuing a similar plan, the traveller of limited time can thus embrace all the localities in one day. Speaking generally, guides are extortioners and humbugs—but at Niagara a competent one is less easily dispensed with than at any other place of public resort I have ever visited. Do not fail, then, of securing such an one. Another suggestion I would make—line you pocket well with small "change." Without this precaution, Niagara will be as a sealed book to you. Every other individual you meet, has in some way or other, identified himself with the Falls, and has a claim on you.—They throw themselves between their treasures and you, and the only countersign that will enable you to get by, is coin! It makes one indignant, this converting Nature into a puppet, bound hand and foot, and making her sponge your pockets while she is thrilling your heart.—But Niagara is worth "bleeding" for. I pity the man who regrets one expenditure there which custom demands. What! shower down *gold* to hear our adorable "Jenny," and be miserly when Niagara pours out for us strains still sublimer!

An extraordinary Calculating Machine is now placed in the Russian Court of the Exhibition in London. It is the invention of a Polish Jew, named Staffel, a native of Warsaw, and works sums in Addition, Subtraction and Multiplication, with a rapidity and precision that is quite astonishing. It also performs the operation of extracting the square root, and the most complicated sums in Fractions. The machine, which the inventor calls *Arithmeticin Instrumentalis*, is about the size of an ordinary toilet.

"Do you take a newspaper?" "Yes." "What one?" "Any one I can lay my hands on." The above, though good, is not quite so good as its original. "Take a wife, Tom," said Richard Brinsley Sheridan, to his wild son Tom, the father of Mrs. Norton, "take a wife and reform." "With all my heart," replied Tom, innocently, "whose wife shall I take?"

Growth of Grass.—The celebrated Spanish Botanist, Cavanilles, was the first who entertained the idea of "seeing grass grow;" and he directed the horizontal micrometer threads of a powerful magnifying glass to the rapidly-growing stem of an Amedian aloe, precisely as the astronomer places his cross of net-work against a culminating star.—*Cosmos.*

"Come here, my little man," said a gentleman to a youngster of four years of age, while sitting in a parlor where a large company were assembled, "do you know me?" "Yes, sir, I think I do." "Who am I then, let me hear?" "You are the man what kissed sister Jane last night in the parlor." Jane fainted!

Mr. Tupper, the English poet, says in a letter to the editor of the New York Herald, that he is not writing, has not written, and does not intend to write, any book about his recent visit to America. Who cares?

A BALLAD CONCERNING THE PRESENT STATE OF GEOLOGICAL SCIENCE.

[illegible]

Chorus.
A moral pith we would maintain,
So don't get up your [illegible]
Beware, ye [illegible]
And think of the dead donkeys!

Once upon a time, [illegible]
'Twould be a foolish thing
To hammer and dig from morn to night,
In search of the marvellous;
And many a wise head [illegible]
[illegible]
When Buckland one day held his jaw,
And the result be called out "Fossil."

When coal was first turned out of a bag,
Our inventors named gneiss,
[illegible]
And all diluvium said;
No beast could live, no bird could fly,
The waters was plain before one—
When the print of a snipe's foot caught our eye,
With an [illegible]!

Down among the Purbecks, deep enough,
[illegible]
Were grubbed last year out of fresh water stuff,
By Brewer and E. Forbes.
(Agassiz just had given his hand,
'Twas adverse to [illegible])
That these should live [illegible]
Before the chalk formations?

Now, worse than all, we Logan find
A jolly old saurian's tracks,
[illegible]
In the oldest of old places!
For he tracked the [illegible] when taking the air,
[illegible]
Then long he'll find the [illegible]
And the [illegible] who are they?

Moral.
And now, wise friends, I'll give you a hint—
In philosophical fashion:
Just mostly crack whatever you print
For future contradiction.
[illegible]
The more for [illegible] we spy in:
Some day we may yet find fossil pot hogs,
And the place the donkeys die in.

Sea-Sickness.—At a late meeting of the British Association, a paper was read by Mr. J. Alliston, "On sea-sickness, and a new remedy for its prevention," from which we make the following extract: It should succeed if it certainly is an easy remedy:

"Let a person on shipboard, when the vessel is bounding over the waves, seat himself, and take hold of a tumbler nearly filled with water or other liquid, and at the same time make an effort to prevent the liquid from running over, by keeping the mouth of the glass horizontal, or nearly so. When doing this, from the motion of the vessel, his hand and arm will seem to be drawn into different positions, as if the glass were attracted by a powerful magnet. Continuing his efforts to keep the mouth of the glass horizontal, let him allow his hand, arm and body to go through the various movements—to those observed in rowing, planing, pumping, throwing a spade, &c., which they will be impelled, without fatigue, almost involuntarily to perform; and he will find that this has the effect of preventing the giddiness and nausea that the rolling and tossing of the vessel have a tendency to produce in [illegible].

"If the person is suffering from sickness at the commencement of the experiment, as soon as he grasps the glass of liquid in his hand, and suffers the arm to take its course and go through the movements alluded to, he finds as if he were performing them of his own free-will—and the sickness abates immediately, and very soon ceases entirely, and does not return so long as he suffers the arm and body to assume the positions into which they seem to be drawn. Should he, however, resist the free course of his hand, he instantly feels a thrill of pain of a peculiarly distressing kind shoot through his head, and experiences a sense of dizziness and returning nausea.—From this last circumstance, the author of the paper infers it as probable that the stomach is primarily affected through the cerebral mass, rather than through a disturbance of the thoracic and abdominal viscera; and he is of opinion that the method of preventing sea-sickness just described (which he has found by experience to be efficient) depends on the curious fact that the involuntary motion communicated to the body by the rolling and tossing of the vessel are, by this means in adapts, apparently converted into voluntary motion."

Clippings.

An African chief, who ruled over a few miserable cabins, one day received a French traveller from Paris, under a tree. With the exception of a *pair of shoes*, our chief was as naked as a [illegible], but with great complacency he asked the traveller, "What do they say of me at Paris?"

Judge Kelly lately stated on a public occasion, that they were then in the midst of a criminal court, and that without exception, every case that had come before him resulted from intemperance; and that so general was this the fact, that there was scarcely an exception in a hundred or even a thousand cases.

An Irishman left a demand with a lawyer, a friend of ours, for collection, with directions to have a letter sent before any suit was commenced. "What shall I write about it?" asked the lawyer. To which Pat replied, "Why, your honor will please begin a little moderate in the matter, just calling him a devil of a spalpeen and a [illegible] puppy, and so [illegible] sharper till you reach to the bottom of the chapter."

Mrs. Amelia Bloomer publishes a card in one of the Boston papers, denying that she has returned to "long skirts."

G. P. R. James, Esq., the novelist, was considerably injured by being thrown from his carriage while driving an unruly horse at Stockbridge, Mass., the other day.

A traveller of taste at once perceives that the wise are polite all the world over; but that fools are only polite at home.

Our countryman, Leutze, the artist, is on his way home from Europe with his "great" picture, "Washington Crossing the Delaware."

Daniel Barlow, an old gentleman residing in South Amboy, while mowing, recently, in his fields, was struck with paralysis; and being unable to move or make known his situation, remained for two days and two nights in the open air without food or water. A diligent search was made for him by his friends and relatives, but without avail until the lapse of the time stated.

There are many things that are thorns to our hopes until we have attained them, and envenomed arrows to our hearts when we have.

The "Freeman's Journal" is for calling Roman Catholic Bishops and Archbishops, "Your Lordship," and "Your Grace." A pretty republican.

A new work by Longfellow, The Golden Legend—a Mystery; The Literary Reminiscences of De Quincey, the Opium Eater; a Wonder Book, for Boys and Girls, by Hawthorne; Leigh Hunt's Complete Poetical Works; and a Book by Bayard Taylor, are announced as in press by Messrs. Ticknor, Reed & Fields, Boston, to appear during the autumn months.

The Boston Post says that the whortleberries are so big this season that it only takes a pint and a half to make a quart.

The Milky Way.—The number of telescopic stars in the Milky Way, is estimated at 18,000,000. In order, I will not say to realize the greatness of this number, but, at any rate, to compare it with something analogous, I will call attention to the fact, that there are not in the whole heavens more than about 8,000 stars visible to the naked eye.—*Humboldt.*

The Frankfort Diet is stealthily but effectually continuing its work of abolishing all the constitutions which the sovereigns of Germany gave to their subjects in 1848.

"How dare you," said a young snob to a mechanic, as they were once both crowding in at the Tremont Temple to hear Jenny Lind, "how dare you come to hear the Nightingale without a shirt collar?" "How the deuce could I have a shirt collar when your mother has not sent home my washing?" was the reply.

The Bloomer costume has appeared in Florida. Miss Julia Mortimer, Miss Alice Gray, and Miss Dora de Kalb—names that sound much like romance—appeared at Apalachicola, lately, in the new rig. They are said to be ladies of wealth and the first respectability, making a Summer tour about the coast of Florida.

What flower most resembles a bull's mouth? A cowslip.

A young woman in Providence has been fined $20 and costs, for appearing in the streets in male attire.

The average number of persons ascending the Bunker Hill Monument is stated at 10,000 a year, and 12½ cents admission is charged, giving an annual income of about $2,500.

There are nearly three thousand muscles in the common grasshopper.

General Gorgey is said to be engaged at Klagenfurt with the composition of a large political work on the Hungarian Revolution, which is to appear at Hamburg. The chapter headed "Gorgey's Treason," will probably be altered so as not to be recognized.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 30, 1851.

ALL THE CONTENTS OF THE POST ARE SET UP EXPRESSLY FOR IT, AND IT ALONE. IT IS NOT A WEEKLY REPRINT OF A DAILY PAPER.

TERMS, &c.

The terms of the POST are $2 if paid in advance—$3, if not paid in advance. For $5 in advance, one copy is sent three years. We continue the following low terms to Clubs, to be sent, in the city, to one address, and in the country, to one post-office:

4 Copies,	$5 00	per annum.
8 " (and one to Agent, or the getter up of the Club,)	$10 00	"
13 " (and one to Agent, or the getter up of the Club,)	$15 00	"
20 " (and one to Agent, or the getter up of the Club,)	$20 00	"

Any person having sent the money and names for a Club, may add new names to it at the same rate, provided the latter will allow their subscriptions to end at the same time those of the main list do. We will willingly supply the back numbers if we have them. Our object is to have all the subscriptions in each Club end at one and the same time, and thus prevent confusion.

The Money for Clubs must always be sent in advance. When the sum is large, a draft should be procured if possible—the cost of which may be deducted from the amount.

Post Masters [illegible] when they can do so conveniently.

All persons addressing letters to us should be careful to give the name of the State, as well as of the town, in which they live. *All letters must be post-paid.*

Subscribers wishing their papers changed, will please give the name of the Post Office to be changed *from*, as well as the Post Office they wish it hereafter sent to.

We trust our old friends, the Postmasters, will exert themselves and get up large Clubs for the Saturday Post; or if they do not feel inclined to take advantage of our liberal offers themselves, that they will show our prospectus to some other influential and respectable person who will be willing to do so. It must be remembered that *the postage is just the same on a first class paper, as on the meanest and poorest of the small reprints.*

THE NEWS FROM CUBA.

All other topics dwindle in importance this week, compared with the recent and sad deplorable advices from Cuba—a full record of which the reader will find in our news columns. We call it *sad* news, because, although we have but little sympathy with the attempts now making to revolutionize Cuba, as preparatory to Annexation, we cannot avoid feeling great interest in the fate of a gallant party of our countrymen, who, moved perhaps in some degree by what they considered a patriotic feeling, but in a greater degree by the love of adventure and hope of distinction, threw themselves into an enterprise of the greatest risk and peril.

Well, a portion of them have bravely paid the penalty of defeat—laying down their lives without the quivering of a muscle—and the remainder, in all probability, will, ere long, meet a similar fate.

It may be otherwise—it may be that the Expedition, as a whole, is so far successful—that 4,000 Spanish troops have gone over to Lopez, as one account says—that the fifty who were captured were a party sent out by one to attack a certain town or fort—but the probabilities are greatly to the contrary. Until further accounts, we shall take it for granted that the 450 adventurers were not able long to resist a force of from five to ten times their number, that they were ultimately defeated, that the largest portion of them made good their retreat to the mountains, and that a smaller body, retreating to the sea shore, and embarking with the hope of being picked up by some American vessel, was seen and captured by the Spanish steamer Habanero.

It will be perceived that the accounts vary as to the treatment of the dead bodies of these unfortunate men. After an attentive perusal of the various statements, we are inclined to believe that the scene was savage and horrible enough, but that some of the accounts are exaggerated. That a mob of slaves and other negroes maltreated the remains of the dead, and deprived them of many articles of clothing, is probably true—but we do not believe the statement that the bodies were dragged or paraded on poles through the streets. After the maltreatment by the negroes, they were doubtless flung into carts, and carried off for burial. It may be, and is moreover very probable, that the maltreatment was committed by those employed to bury the dead, during the act of placing the bodies in the carts. Doubtless the business was performed in a very heartless and revolting manner.

And yet it even may be that no insults to the dead were perpetrated. The official account alludes to nothing of the kind, but states that the bodies were decently buried. And although the Spanish accounts are not of course very reliable, they are in this instance supported by the testimony of an American (the Special Messenger of Adams's Express Line,) who says *he was present at the execution*, and that all the reports of maltreatment are entirely untrue. He says, according to the New York Express—"That they were conveyed in handsome hearses to the grave, and decently buried. Some vagabonds amused themselves by kicking about the streets some of the discarded clothing of the prisoners." We hope for the character of the race, that this is the true version of the story.

And now we come to the main point—the question now being so fiercely discussed by individuals and the press: The right of the Spanish Government to shoot these men, in such a summary manner. It is curious to see what singular distinctions men make upon this subject. Some of the daily papers which have declared again and again within the past year, that these invasions of Cuba were *piratical*, now proclaim the shooting of these men, a wanton massacre. For instance, the "North American," a leading representative of this class, says:

There are not likely to be two sets of opinions on this subject. *No doubt*, the men so savagely dealt with, were followers of Lopez, taken in the act of waging a *lawless, piratical* war against Spain—*outlaws* by the code of nations, whom Spain had a full and unquestionable right to punish for their crime. But Spain had no right—no nation has a right—to punish more than necessary; she had no right to be cruel—she had no right to butcher in cold blood a host of helpless prisoners, however culpable, for whom she could have found so many other less sanguinary modes of punishment, equally well adapted to answer all the ends of punishment. No other Government in the world would have acted so barbarously.

What an absurdity to talk in this way. Does not every nation (our own included) punish *piracy* with death? If one of our national vessels were to take a crew of fifty pirates, would they not certainly, upon conviction, be hung upon the gallows? Then to call these Cuban invaders "pirates" in one sentence, and to talk about "butchering in cold blood" "helpless prisoners" in the next, seems to us sheer absurdity and nonsense. *If* these invaders were pirates, by the laws of nations they were justly slain.

Equally foolish is it to take exception to the suddenness of their execution, their being shot without trial—though probably they had a military one. Does any one doubt they were engaged in the Lopez expedition—did they themselves deny it? Questions between nations are not to be made to hang upon mere quibbles.

Do we then justify this wholesale, cold-blooded slaughter? No, truly. But we do not consider Lopez and his party pirates. We took exception, as our readers will remember, to the President's Proclamation, on this very ground. The President spoke of the invaders being actuated alone by motives of plunder—a piratical motive. We denied this, and advocated the calling of things and persons, especially in all State Papers, by their right names.

We think the Cuban Government have committed an inhuman and a grossly impolitic action—but we admit their right, *by the laws of nations*, to do as they have done. By the laws of nations, armed rebellion, or, in other words, treason, may be punished with immediate death—much more, the foreign abettors of domestic rebellion. If a party of armed men in this country were to raise the flag of disunion, and a number of English volunteers from the West India islands sought to join them, nine-tenths of our press would not only justify but applaud their immediate execution if captured. To be sure it makes a great difference "whether it is my bull that gores your ox, or your bull that gores mine."

It must be remembered, in all these controversies, that the case of a native stands in a different light from that of a foreigner. If a foreigner interferes in a domestic quarrel, he does it at his own risk. He forfeits the protection of his own Government, and thus ranks himself with those whom any one may slay with impunity. We see not arguing against the doing of the deed [illegible], we can only state a fact which the [illegible] They took their lives in their hands [illegible]

We have said we considered the [illegible] inhuman and impolitic. It was inhuman because it was a needless waste of blood; [illegible]

How much more generous and magnanimous, and in how much better policy would it have been, if the Captain General had taken the counsel of the Spanish Admiral, Bustillo. This noble Spaniard is said to have advised, with all his influence, against the shooting; recommending imprisonment until the difficulties were over, [illegible]

[illegible]

LATER REPORTS.

The "Vixen" reports that the fifty men executed near Havana, were deserters from the ranks of Gen. Lopez. We doubt this very much. The only corroborative news is a statement that the Colonel captured (who is said in the account to be Crittenden) expressed great disgust at the false representations which had been made to him [illegible] the state of feeling in Cuba. This latter story also be considered to be corroborated by a letter received at Boston from Havana, which states that the fifty men that there had, in the first place, taken a town, and held it for three days, without a solitary patriot joining them.—Such a result might, perhaps, be enough to convince them of the certain failure of the expedition, and prompt them to make their way home as soon as possible.

The little resistance made by the captured party, could scarcely have been owing to wounds, as some suppose, for it is stated that they were marched out to the place of execution. If they could walk, they could have resisted. It may either have been owing to their having thrown aside their arms upon a hurried retreat, or to the exhaustion of their ammunition. The account of the landing of Lopez, represents him disembarking with a very small supply of both ammunition and provisions, viz: two kegs of gunpowder, one hundred pounds of shot or bullets, two barrels of beef, and half-a-dozen barrels of biscuit.

The great majority of the accounts agree in either stating directly or indirectly, that Gen. Lopez was entirely disappointed in the expectation that the people would flock to his standard. So far from this, the country people and "peasantry" (probably poor whites,) are said to have not only joined the Spanish troops by the hundreds, but have taken every opportunity to injure and molest the invaders. The free negroes and slaves, the latter especially, are also represented as inimical. Probably the large planters are the most favorable to a change, but are afraid to move.

The "Journal of Commerce" is informed that a despatch to the Spanish Minister in this country was put on board the Cherokee at the moment of her departure from Havana, announcing the capture of Gen. Lopez by the Government troops. Very doubtful this. It was not a thing to make a secret of.

A Havana correspondent of the Tribune says, under date of August 17th:

The steamer Almendares, just up from Bahia Honda, reports 140 Americans shot there—and that on this boat, there are from 30 to 50 wounded prisoners, that they kindly propose to cure and send home. Fifteen, it is said, were shot in cold blood on the deck of the Spanish war steamer Pizarro, I presume included in the above count. Of Lopez, or the field operations we learn nothing, but these results do not show that General Enna is in any difficulty or danger with his forces, although his losses have been large. No time for more.

The Spanish official account of the capture of the four barges, represents that it took place near and on the shore—one boat being afloat, and the others hauled up on the beach.

It is not yet ascertained whether it was Col. Clendenin or Col. Crittenden who was shot at Havana. The Herald says:

We learn that Col. Clendenin, who was the first of the fifty shot at Havana, was a young lawyer of New Orleans, and during the war with Mexico served with great distinction at the battles of Monterey and Buena Vista, under Gen. Taylor, with the Mississippi regiment, commanded by Col. Jefferson Davis; that Capt. Victor Ker, was the son of Dr. Ker, of New Orleans, who was a surgeon in the British army during the battle of New Orleans. He was known as a brave and chivalric youth, being but 23 years of age. He leaves a widow and child. And that Capt. Jas. Brant was also from New Orleans, and had served in the late war with Mexico.

THE FALCON.

It is always well to be certain of our facts, before we plunge into a vortex of passion and rage. "THE U. S. MAIL STEAMSHIP FALCON FIRED INTO," has been a frequent heading in the telegraphic news of late—and this would be a serious matter between our own and the Spanish Government. But the true state of the case, as appeared by the very articles so headed, was not that the Falcon had been fired *into*, but that shots had been fired across her bow, the object of the Spaniards being to examine into her character. It appears that the commander of the Falcon was inclined to enter a Protest against this overhauling, but, upon arrival at Havana, the American Consul and the Captain of the U. S. sloop-of-war Albany, told him that the Spaniards had a right, under the Law of Nations, to pursue the course they did. We conceive know very little upon the subject, but doubt not that if there is the least taint of an insult in the affair, an apology will be promptly demanded and as promptly given. We see it stated that the Saranac, to sail for Vera Cruz this week, will carry out Com. Parker with instructions to inquire into the facts relative to the slaughter of the fifty American prisoners, and for explanation as to the forcible stoppage of the Falcon.

MR. CALHOUN'S OPINION.

The Washington correspondent of the N. Y. Journal of Commerce says that he has seen a letter of Mr. Calhoun's, written in 1849, in which he passes to the subject of the acquisition of Cuba, in reply to suggestions made to him, and most explicitly and decidedly condemns it. The correspondent says:

I mean that, even on the supposition that we could honorably acquire and annex Cuba, he utterly opposes it, as a measure full of disaster to the South and to the whole country. You remember how decidedly he opposed the Mexican war, and the acquisition of Mexican territory, and the project for acquiring Yucatan. Even as to Texas, he was as much opposed to the annexation of that country as Mr. McDuffie was, at one time, and for the same reasons which Mr. McDuffie gave in his Message to the Legislature, while Governor of South Carolina. While he did, as Secretary of State, promote the annexation of Texas, it was for a reason that had recently arisen—the belief that Texas was to fall under the control of England. Mr. Calhoun always protested, and he did it the last time he ever spoke in public, that he had not in view the extension of slavery when he aided in the annexation of Texas. He wanted to keep Great Britain at a distance, and he had certain information that Great Britain was about to try effectual measures to obtain an exclusive control over Texas.

In other words, if we understand the latter part of the above, it was not till Mr. Calhoun believed that British influence would succeed in leading Texas to prohibit slavery, that he changed his views as to annexation.

WORTH KNOWING.

A young lady of this city, while in the country, some years ago, stepped on a rusty nail, which ran *through* her shoe and foot. The inflammation and pain were of course very great, and lock-jaw was apprehended. A friend of the family, however, recommended the application of a beet, taken fresh from the garden, and pounded fine, to the wound. It was done, and the effect was very beneficial. Soon the inflammation began to subside, and by keeping on the crushed beet, changing it for a fresh one as its virtue seemed to become impaired, a speedy cure was effected. Simple but effectual remedies like this should be known by everybody.

FAMILIAR SCIENCE.

We call the attention of our readers to the advertisement of the above valuable work, which we are pleased to hear is highly spoken of in all quarters, as an excellent book alike for schools and families. Mr. R. E. Peterson is the publisher, Corner of Arch and Fifth Streets, Philadelphia.

A WORD TO THE WISE.

[illegible]

One thing must be remembered in this and all similar cases. That the power to make war belongs to the Representatives of the People of the United States in Congress assembled; and not to any small minority of that people, who may choose to commence hostilities on their own account.

We are not our own masters, if any five hundred or thousand men, that choose, can force us into a war with any power they may determine to attack, either on the plea that we are bound to maintain their conquests, or to revenge their deaths. No, if we would not have our Government made the mere tool of [illegible]

[illegible]

COURSE OF THE GOVERNMENT.

The following telegraphic advices from Washington, relative to the course of the Government in this important crisis, are dated August 23d:

The "Republic" this morning recapitulates the Cuban news, and says there was no reason to doubt that the Spanish Government wanted to take summary vengeance on those caught invading her soil; but the editor believes that such a wholesale slaughter, without a trial of the prisoners, will require a strict investigation by our Government.

The "Intelligencer" states by authority, that the steamer Saranac will be despatched forthwith for Havana, with Commodore Parker, who has been instructed to inquire into all the circumstances attending the capture and execution of American citizens, and to ascertain under what proof they have been put to death. A full investigation will also be had into the circumstances of firing at the steamer Falcon, by the Spanish cruisers.

At the same time renewed and rigid instructions will be issued to the civil, military, and naval officers of the Government, to take all legal steps and employ the means at their command to check and break up any armed and illegal expeditions, and arrest all persons concerned therein.

It is the fixed determination of the Government to maintain the treaty obligations, and to enforce the laws of the land, the recent violation of which has led to such lamentable results.

The U. S. steamer Saranac will leave Norfolk this afternoon or to-morrow.

The Intelligencer says that a despatch has been received from Mr. Owen, our Consul at Havana, at the State Department, which states that *all the prisoners were tried previous to their execution.*

The Department will require a satisfactory explanation from the Government officers at New Orleans for their apparent neglect in allowing the steamer Pampero to depart with Gen. Lopez.

It is believed here that the whole of the forces of Gen. Lopez, were in the four launches that were all run down by the steamer, and that the fifty men who were executed were all that were saved from drowning.

TECUMSEH.

This old Indian warrior and forest statesman seems disposed to give the country as much trouble now that he is dead, as he did when he was living. A New York correspondent, as will be seen by his letter in another column, considers that the proof that Col. Johnson's pistol shot the fatal bullet is beyond all question. Still it is questioned, and that by a [illegible] A correspondent of the Washington "Metropolitan," brings forward some strong evidence in favor of the claims of a Col. Whiteley, of Kentucky. He also says:

A few days before the adjournment of Congress in March, 1821, Col. Johnson was pointed out to me by the Hon. Thomas Bayly a member of Congress from the Eastern shore of Maryland, and with whom he had become well acquainted. I asked him if he ever heard him say anything about his killing of Tecumseh. Mr. Bayly replied that he had asked him directly if he really did kill him, and that Col. Johnson's answer was to this effect: "No one can tell who killed him; it was done in the heat of battle; we all did the best we could to kill as many of the enemy as possible; but, whether he was killed by me or by another person no one can tell; the people will have it that I killed him, and I don't know that it is my business to go all over the country to contradict it."

After all, it is a matter of very little importance who killed him. One man is just about as likely to have pulled the fatal trigger as another. We have allowed the New York advocate of Col. Johnson to have his say, and henceforward shall leave the dispute to be settled by the historians. In a few years all the claimants will have gone to a place, it is to be hoped, where the killing of a hundred men is considered less meritorious than the saving of one.

A HINT TO TEACHERS.

The Boston Transcript, in noticing the fact that of one hundred applicants for admission to the High School of that city, at the recent examination, only forty were admitted, remarks, "We learn that the rejected young gentlemen had been instructed in philosophical branches, considerably beyond their depth, and could teach their grandmothers to suck eggs on scientific principles, but were unfortunately so deficient in that elementary knowledge which is the only safe basis for an educational superstructure, that they were set aside as unqualified."

How is it with our own public schools? The teachers should be very careful to lay the foundations of knowledge strong and sure, or else they will turn out on the world mere smatterers and half-learned simpletons. We wonder how many boys even at the High School, could tell whether the top of a carriage wheel in motion, moved any faster than the bottom. We once knew even a college-bred one puzzled with that question.

CANDIDATES FOR JUDGESHIPS.

Looking the other day over a list of the candidates soliciting nomination for Judges of the Court of Common Pleas, we were struck with the poor judgment many of them display in offering themselves for such a nomination. It has been said that "a good lawyer often makes a poor judge;" and these gentlemen evidently consider the converse of the proposition equally true, and believe that a good judge is necessarily insured by the election to the office of a poor lawyer.

"Oh, would some power the gift would gie us
To see ourselves as others see us;
From many a foolish whim 't would free us
And silly notion."

A SEA CHANGE.

Horace Greeley, the N. Y. Mirror says, has returned from the "grand tour"—minus the old white coat—but "with whiskers and moustache—patent leather boots—a gold watch chain, with a bunch of 'charms' attached—a little jimmy French hat, turned up at the sides—fancy pantaloons with broad stripes and straps—white cravat—buff vest—a long-waisted, short-skirted black frock coat,—and a little stickee, with the head of Cerito cut in ivory on the top!" Having thus experienced, as Shakspeare says,

"a sea change
Into something new and strange."

SINGULAR ACCIDENT.

During a recent thunder-storm at New London, Chester county, Pa., the minister of the Methodist Church in that place, was struck by lightning. The "Village Record" says:

He had had religious worship that afternoon, the congregation were assembled around him,—he had been warning his fellow pilgrims of the shortness and uncertainty of life—the sermon was ended, and he was about to read the closing hymn, when the bolt came, and his labors were ended. He died immediately.

Many of the congregation were stunned, but no other seriously injured. A religious revival had been going on for some days previously.

Two More Steamers.—A telegraphic notice from New Orleans, says, that two more steamers, filled with men, sailed on the 21st ult. for Cuba. "The interference of the United States Marshal was of no avail. The fitting out and embarkation were accomplished in defiance of the authorities."

A Change.—We are desired to state that the name of the Post Office formerly called Lopezto, in Warren county, *Pa.*, has been changed to Freehold.

BALLOONING.

Mr. John A. Pennington (or Pennington & Co.) has issued another edition of his [illegible]

SPONTANEOUS COMBUSTION.

[illegible]

Our Correspondents

KILLING OF TECUMSEH.

Cairo, New York, Aug. 18, 1851.

Mr. Editor:—I noticed an article in your last paper containing certain statements made by Mr. Schoolcraft, in relation to assertions made by one Jacob Holeman, that he (Holeman) must have killed the celebrated Indian warrior Tecumseh in the battle of the Thames, and also your comments thereon tending to throw into more than doubt the facts and the credit unquestionably due to the late Col. R. M. Johnson, as being the person who actually did kill Tecumseh in that battle.

Now, sir, I am not in haste to believe that you, as the conductor of a public journal, would intentionally misstate matters of national history, or detract from what is justly due to the meritorious service of the living, or the honored dead; and it is to be regretted that Mr. Schoolcraft, with the ready access he may have had as to facts and circumstances connected with the death of Tecumseh, should at this late day, seem to throw a shade over the credit claimed for Colonel Johnson, by making a statement to the "Historical Society" of the claim of others, as to the death of that chief. That Mr. Holeman may have slain an Indian chief in that battle, I have no evidence of doubt, but that he (Holeman) killed Tecumseh, I have the most satisfactory evidence for doubt and disbelief, and that he is no more entitled to distinction for that deed than he is for the killing of Goliah; and for the purpose of correcting erroneous impressions of the subject matter, I will briefly state a few facts and circumstances within my knowledge, which I think must forever bar any pretended claim any individual can set up for the death of Tecumseh—that the credit and honor of the deed is beyond a point of dispute, the property of Col. Johnson.

In the first place, I would state that in the year 1844, I visited the battle-ground on which the said action was fought, on the Western bank of the river Thames, C. W., and while there on the ground, the precise position of the two armies—as well as of the Indian forces under Tecumseh was pointed out to me by a white man and an Indian, who both averred they were in the fight, and were on the ground viewing the dead after the battle was over; they also showed me the spot where Tecumseh was killed, near a large maple tree (then standing.) This Indian also stated that he saw Tecumseh several times during the fight, and saw him afterwards lie dead on the ground—that he was shot in the breast with ball and buck-shot. That he knew precisely the spot where he fell; and had often since, with other Indians, visited the spot, and held it in mind, to honor the chief. He also stated that all the weapons used by Tecumseh on that day, were a *rifle*, tomahawk, and knife—and that he was shot by Colonel Johnson; and when questioned *how he knew* Colonel Johnson killed him, replied—I was told by an Indian, that he stood a short distance from Tecumseh at the time, loading his gun, and saw a *Yankee on a white horse shoot him*—and that there was no other *Yankee* rode a horse in the fight with the Indians, but the one who killed Tecumseh. From the candor and intelligence with which this Indian related the different scenes of the battle, and particularly the contest between the Indians and the Kentuckians, it left no manner of doubt in my mind as to the correctness of his story. I was also informed by the white man, that he had frequently heard Indians and white men who were in the battle, say they saw the *Yankee* on a white horse shoot Tecumseh, and that there was but one individual who rode a horse into the fight with the Indians, and subsequently learnt it was Colonel Johnson. I would also remark, that during a tour of several weeks in Canada, I made frequent allusions in conversing with the inhabitants about the battle of the Thames, and to the death of Tecumseh, and I never heard any *single* individual dispute the fact of Colonel Johnson killing the chief, and scouted the idea and pretence that *any American* should, or would dispute the fact; subsequent to this, I received from Colonel Johnson, and have now in my possession, a statement from under his hand, of the part he acted in the battle of the Thames, which narrative of the incidents of the battle, I consider entitled to full confidence and reliance, as the Colonel's reputation for veracity has never yet been questioned.

After giving some preliminary details of the fight, he speaks of his conflict with *an Indian chief*, and states that *he does not know who he was*. "That he (Colonel Johnson,) had received four wounds, and was greatly weakened by loss of blood, his horse also had been so wounded as to be unable to move faster than a walk. He could not approach the chief in a right line on account of the trunk of a very large tree which was lying before him. He therefore rode round the head of the tree which was at his right, and turning his horse directly towards the chief, advanced upon him, at the distance of a few yards the horse stumbled but did not entirely fall; the Indian instantly levelled his rifle at him and gave him another wound, the severest he received in the battle. He did not, however, fall, but continued his movement towards the Indian till he came so near that the Indian was raising a tomahawk to strike him down. He (the Colonel) had a pistol in his right hand charged with a ball and three buck-shot, which he held against his thigh, so that the Indian could not discover it. As he raised his tomahawk to strike him, he, (Col. J.) instantly raised his pistol and discharged its contents in the breast of the Indian chief, and laid him dead on the spot. He (the Colonel) being unable any longer to act, was taken from the battle-ground faint and almost lifeless. No sooner than the battle had ended, than a report was in circulation that the Indian he had slain was, in all probability, the celebrated Tecumseh. Some of the circumstances which may confirm the fact, are these—It is known that Tecumseh was killed in this battle; and the person he (Col J.) slew, was a chief warrior; it is also known that but one other chief was killed in any way answering to the description given of this person, and that he, a brother-in-law to Tecumseh, was killed in another part of the battle. Several persons who were in the battle, stated that Tecumseh was found dead on the very spot where he shot this chief; and that a medal was taken from the body, which was known to have been presented to Tecumseh by the British Government.

"Anthony Shane, a celebrated Indian warrior, and the uniform friend of the United States, who was in the battle of the Thames—and had been intimately acquainted with Tecumseh from early childhood, said, that immediately after the battle was ended, he went to the spot where several of the men had seen him (the Colonel,) kill an Indian commander, and there he saw Tecumseh lie dead upon the ground—that he examined his body and said that he must have been killed by a person on horseback, for a ball and three buckshot were shot into his breast, and the ball passed through his body and came out at the lower part of his back. He also said Tecumseh had a remarkable scar on his thigh—that on examining his thigh, they found the scar as he had described. Shane knew this person to be Tecumseh, and his body was found where he (the Colonel) had killed an Indian chief; he was killed by a person on horseback, and he (the Colonel) was *the only person in that part of the battle on horseback*—he was shot with a ball and three buckshot; and the pistol he shot the Indian chief with, was charged with a ball and three buckshot."

Now, sir: I respectfully ask if these facts and circumstances, do not establish the fact beyond all reasonable doubt, and as conclusively as any historical fact can be established, that Colonel Johnson *did actually* kill Tecumseh in the battle of the Thames?

Respectfully submitted,

L. D. HILL.

The keeper of the Minot's Light-Ship has constructed a new light for that station, which, upon trial, is found to answer its purpose admirably.

A Temperance Pledge, issued by Father Mathew, at Cleveland, August 9th, bears the number of six million sixty-four thousand two hundred and fifty-one!

In finally "papering" needles for sale, the females employed can count and paper 8,000 in an hour.

Another Woman's Rights Convention is to be held at Worcester, Mass., on the 15th and 16th of October.

Rust, the man who so violently assaulted the fugitive slave Daniels, when he arrested him in Buffalo, has been fined $50.

New Publications.

Graham's Magazine for September.

[illegible] the names of R. Osborn Smith, R. Y. Conrad, Thomas Wyatt, A. M., R. H. Stoddard, whose "Hymn to the Beautiful" is one of the prettiest things we have seen from his pen, G. D. Prentice, Alice B. Neal, Alice Carey, Mrs. E. C. Kinney, Caroline Chesebro' and Mrs. E. J. Eames.

Godey's Lady's Book.

The September number of this periodical opens with a good and pretty picture called "Sour Grapes," another of "The Approaching Footstep," a significant wood-cut entitled "Curiosity," and a Fashion Plate, with various other embellishments. The contributors are Helen Mathews, Mrs. S. H. Waddell, C. W. Webber, Alice B. Neal, Caroline H. Butler, Mrs. R. Osborn Smith, G. R. Nichols, W. Gilmore Simms, Miss E. Bogart, and others.

Sartain's Magazine.

The September number is embellished with a picture of "St. Cecilia," covered with white roses, and playing on her harp those heavenly airs that drew down angels to listen; a beautiful steel engraving called "The Dewdrop," and several wood-cuts. The chief contributors are Mrs. C. M. Kirkland, Sara H. Browne, Henrietta A. Hadry, Reynell Coates, M. D., E. W. Dewees, John Sartain, Mrs. E. S. Smith, and J. S. Dwight.

Miscellaneous.

WASHINGTON SWINDLING.

Were one to give a detailed account of the various devices which were resorted to, high and low, to obtain pickings, from the Treasury not only, but from the private pockets of the thousands of individuals who do business for and with Uncle Sam, the tale would be regarded as one of the wildest Munchausens or Gullivers ever penned. I will give one specimen, however:—

At the commencement of Mr. Van Buren's Administration, the Postmaster of Troy, an old and respectable citizen, who had held the post for some years, was removed or resigned. He transmitted his accounts to the Government, with the request that they might be adjusted as speedily as possible, and the statement sent.—In the meantime he deposited $700 in a Washington Bank, to meet any balance there might be against him. The four years of the Administration of Mr. Van Buren rolled away, during which he in vain made repeated and constant endeavors to obtain some knowledge of how his accounts stood. He had given it up in despair, (though he still left the money in deposit) when Mr. Granger (*with whom he was somewhat acquainted*) was installed Postmaster-General under Harrison.

The new P. M. General was scarcely warm in his official chair, before he received a letter from Troy, detailing the case of the aggrieved Postmaster, and imploring a settlement of his account at some not far distant period. Mr. Granger opened wide his eyes and rang his bell furiously. When the messenger came, he was sent to call the chief clerk.

"How is this, sir!" asked Mr. Granger; "does it take four years to audit the accounts of a Postmaster?"

"I will see," faltered the clerk, who knew too well the state of facts. He hastened to the proper division in the Auditor's Bureau, and brought the clerk who had charge of these accounts.

"I want to know," said the Postmaster General, "the condition of the account of the Postmaster of Troy, transmitted four years ago."

The clerk replied that "he would take occasion to look it up and inform him."

"Bring me the book instantly," said Mr. G. "I will have no further shuffling in this matter."

The book was brought, when lo! the account, which had been posted up months before, *exhibited a balance due the Postmaster of four hundred dollars!*

"Why has he not been notified and the account settled?" inquired the astonished Postmaster General of the guilty-looking clerk.

"Why, sir," replied the clerk, mockingly, "it isn't the practice, in this Department, to notify, *except when the balance is in favor of the Government.*"

"We'll see, then, sir, if we can't introduce a little of the element of honesty into the practice of the Department," said Mr. Granger.—"In the meantime, do you state that account, and send it along with a draft for the balance before you leave the office for the day."

In the course of the investigation that followed, it appeared that the old clerk who had charge of the books, had a son who was a claim-agent, and they operated together. The *modus operandi* was this: the old man furnished the son with the names, places of residence, &c., of all persons having balances due them of long standing, or such as he and his confederates could create delays in settling. The son would then write to the party that he had chanced to discover that there was a balance due him from the Government which he thought could be obtained; at any rate, he (the agent) would be willing to try it for a per centage on the amount obtained. Of course, in 499 cases out of 500, the unsuspecting creditor of Uncle Sam was fleeced out of 25 or 50 per cent. The extent to which this swindle could be carried in a Government like ours, is almost beyond conception.—*Washington Correspondent of Tribune.*

A man met an old woman in an English town driving several asses. "Adieu, mother of asses," cried he. "Adieu, my son," was the old crone's reply. The fellow went his way, feeling for his ears.

Poverty is the only road which is the heavier, the more loved ones there are to assist in supporting it.

General News.

FROM CALIFORNIA.

The Cherokee brings one day's later news from San Francisco, and $1,805,689 in gold dust.—Lawlessness still raged unchecked. At Sheldon's Rancho, on the "Consumnes," Mr. Sheldon and several of his friends were killed by a party of miners. Sheldon had constructed a dam to irrigate his farm, which interfered with the miners higher up the stream. They went to pull it down—he threatened to shoot—and the miners shot, and

Killed—Jared Sheldon, formerly of Underhill, Vt.; James M. Johnson, formerly of Lancaster, Iowa; Edward Cody, formerly of Fox River, Ill.

Wounded—Calvin Dickerson, from Berrien Co., Michigan; Emanuel Bush, De Moines Co., Ohio.

There were but three guns among the Sheldon party, while the miners had from 40 to 100. The latter charge Sheldon with having first fired.

Artificial Leather.—Art, guided by science, has achieved another triumph. At Abington, Mass., there is an establishment for manufacturing artificial leather:

A steam engine of six or eight horse-power is erected for grinding up the chips and shavings of leather which are cut off by the shoe and bootmakers, and which have heretofore been burnt or thrown away. These are ground to a powder resembling coarse snuff, and this powder is then mixed with certain gums and other substances, so thoroughly that the whole mass becomes a kind of melted leather. In a short time this dries a little, and is rolled out to the desired thickness—perhaps one-twenty-fourth of an inch. It is now quite solid and is said to be entirely waterproof. On putting the question whether it was strong, the manufacturer cut several strips a foot long and half an inch wide, which our informant endeavored in vain to break. This new fashioned leather will make good middle soles for shoes, and perhaps inner soles; and would be very durable round the shafts of a carriage, or in any place where mere chafing is all the wear desired. It is supposed it would wear well as bands for some kinds of machinery, and will doubtless be used for many other purposes. A patent has been secured, and the article will soon be in the market and in use.—*Portsmouth (N. H.) Journal.*

Banana Cotton.—The editor of the Haynesville (Alabama) Chronicle, has been shown a stock of the above named species of cotton, on which he actually counted ninety-seven well-formed bolls, and one hundred and forty-six forms and blossoms. The gentleman who raised it, says he has one hundred acres of this kind of cotton, which would easily produce one hundred bales, if the stand was regular. His experience for three years, teaches him that this species of cotton is no imposition. Mr. W. S. Shorter, of Barbour County, pronounces the Banana cotton seed the best for club land; and Dr. Phillips, of Mississippi, says he has forty acres this season which sells for fifty bales.

COST OF RELIGION IN DIFFERENT COUNTRIES.

We find in an exchange paper the following table, showing the expense of the various Christian Churches in different countries of the world. The figures, the New York Tribune thinks, may be relied on, as affording at least a fair approximation to the truth:

Name of Country	Number of Adherents	Expenditure of Clergy and Public Worship	Total Expenditure in each Nation
France	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
United States	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Spain	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Portugal	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Hungary—			
Catholics	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Calvinists	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Lutherans	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Italy	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Austria	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Switzerland	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Prussia	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
German small States	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Holland	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Netherlands	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Denmark	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Sweden	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Russia, Greek Church	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Russia, Catholics and Lutherans	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Christians in Turkey	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
South America	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Christians elsewhere	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Total	[illegible]		[illegible]
England and Wales (Church of England,)	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]

Thus it appears that Church Expenditures are smallest in Russia, (though we distrust all statistics from this country,) where the average is 7½ cents to each person who goes to church, and greatest in England, where every church-goer pays, or has paid for him, the enormous average of $7.27 a year, and where the aggregate yearly outlay much exceeds that of all the rest of Christendom together. Even in Italy, where priests are so numerous and churches so abundant and so richly decorated, the support of the whole establishment costs but 20 cents a year to each attendant on the worship. In the United States it is 17½ cents; in Spain and Portugal 50 cents. In Hungary the Catholic worship costs 40 cents a head; the Calvinist 30, and the Lutheran 20. In Catholic Austria and Protestant Prussia the cost is alike 25 cents. The above displays in a clear manner how much more luxuriously the British Prelates—the "successors of the Apostolic fishermen"—live, than their continental brethren.

The California Lynchers.—The circumstances attending the lynching of a woman at Downieville, were even worse than the first account represented. The San Francisco Picayune says:

What were the circumstances of the case? A party of drunken men, reeling home after a debauch, forced the door of a private house, in which a female resided, and insulted the inmates. The house was not a brothel, nor the woman a prostitute. Of this outrage no notice was taken but on the party returning for the vilest purposes, and insulting the woman with the grossest epithets, her Southern blood boiled over with indignation, and in a moment of passion she snatched a knife and inflicted upon him a mortal wound. For this she was taken to the cross-roads and publicly hanged.

Now we venture to say that had this woman been an American instead of a Mexican—had she boasted of white blood, as they call it—as though the caste of a woman, if it affected her case at all, should not have tended to make her case more lenient—had she been of the Anglo-Saxon race, instead of being hung for the deed, she would have been lauded for it; and instead of an account appearing in the papers of a "horrible murder by a Mexican woman," every press in the State would have rung with eulogiums for the "heroic conduct of a female," or, the "determined defence of her virtue by a lady in the mines." It was not her guilt which condemned this unfortunate woman, but her caste and Mexican blood.

Of her trial we know not how to speak. We know of no terms which are capable of expressing the horrible—the savage brutality of it. *Of course*, the witnesses were not sworn; the men who tried her needed no testimony; they thirsted for her blood, and the form of trial was an impediment to their desire, which they cursed as they hurried through it. The Judge—John Rose, of Rose's Ranch—let his name be remembered—stated to the witnesses, that they must tell the truth, "just as if they had been sworn;" to which they assented—*and lied*; a physician who testified in her behalf was beaten, a lawyer who endeavored to get justice done her was threatened with hanging, and ordered to leave town; and amid the shouts of blood-thirsty monsters, whose rage could hardly be restrained even for one short hour, the upright, intelligent and impartial jury, brought in a verdict of *murder*, and condemned her to be hanged in two hours—*which sentence was executed.*

But one circumstance was wanting to make the murder of this woman an atrocity. She was in a condition that would have made her life sacred even in the most barbarous ages, and under the bloodiest code that ever cursed the world. *An unborn infant perished* with its murdered mother, before it saw the light.

Mr. Benton's Opinion of Whitney and Company.—The various projects for getting the public lands pressed upon Congress by individuals and companies to make a railway to the Pacific, are only schemes of speculation to make a land stock to be sold in market. The [illegible] of them (a Boston Company,) openly propose to found a banking establishment upon theirs, if they get it. All Whitney's projects are to him and his "assigns." Strike out the assigns, or put an amendment into his Bill, that no member of Congress, nor any one related to a member within the Levitical degree of prohibited marriages, shall be an assignee, and his project would never be heard of again. A circulating land stock, or a circulating jobbing stock, is what they are after; and the prospect of sharing in an hundred millions of acres of public land plunder, conciliates advocates for projects as absurd as impudent, and which it would be as criminal for Congress to grant, as was the Yazoo fraud.

State Fair.—The Pennsylvania Agricultural Fair, to be held from the 23d till the 24th of October next, will take place about a mile above Harrisburg, on a field belonging to David Hummel, Esq. Every preparation is now being made for the accommodation of agriculturalists, and to give to this, the first State exhibition in Pennsylvania, a display creditable to the character of the State.

It requires nice stepping for those who walk close together, to avoid jostling each other.

Many a man saves his life by not fearing to lose it, and many a man loses his life, by being over anxious to save it.

POSTSCRIPT.

Later From Cuba.—The N. O. Picayune has advices by the Empire City, stating that the "patriots" have been successful in the Eastern part of the Island, and have possession of the country around Puerto Principe. Also that Gen. Lopez was about to invest Port Cabanas, and take the steamer Pizarro, which was aground; and that the people were rising to join him. All of which looks inconsistent with previous advices.

Shameful Riot at New Orleans.—A mob at New Orleans, on the 21st, attacked the Spanish paper "La Patria," broke up the presses, and threw the type, cases, &c., out of the window. A number of cigar stores and coffee houses belonging to Spaniards, were also attacked, and the furniture demolished. They then broke open the office of the Spanish Consul, and committed similar excesses. Two thousand men then surrounded the City Prison, where the Spanish Consul had taken refuge, and threatened to demolish it unless the Consul was delivered up to them.

The excitement against the Spanish Consul arose chiefly from his refusal to deliver up a number of letters from the prisoners shot at Havana, and which had been written before their execution, and forwarded to him by the Cuban authorities.

He was called upon by a Committee for them, and refused to deliver them up. Subsequently he was forced to surrender them.

The bodies of Col. Crittenden and Capt. Victor Kerr, which have been brought from Havana, attracted many visitors and produced much feeling.

The military had been ordered out to suppress the riot. We hope the accounts of the riot are exaggerated; if they are true, it is a most disgraceful affair. *Pretty lovers of liberty* these, who break up printing presses, and sack the houses of their fellow citizens.

LOPEZ CAPTURED.

New Orleans, August 22.

Still Later.—Letters have been received in this city from authentic sources, dated Havana, August 16th, which state that General Lopez had fought only one battle with the Spanish troops, and that the latter met with a repulse.

Shortly afterwards the Spaniards having received large reinforcements, with cannon, &c., returned to the charge and succeeded in utterly *routing the Patriots and capturing nearly every one, including General Lopez.*

This battle occurred almost immediately after the landing of the Patriot forces. The loss on the Spanish side, on the first repulse, was between four and five hundred.

Everything was apparently quiet at the date of the letters, and no further difficulty was anticipated until the arrival of more Fillibusters.

The Markets.

PHILADELPHIA MARKET.

Saturday, Aug. 30, 1851.

REMARKS—The weather during the past week has been cool and variable; [illegible] in Groceries there has been but little doing. Exchange on England is steady at 109a110½.

FLOUR AND MEAL.—The export demand for Flour during the past week has been quite moderate, and the market has been excessively dull and inactive. The sales for shipment amount to 6a8,000 bbls at $3,75 per bbl for mixed old stock, and $3,75a3,87½ for fresh ground, part lately, and delivery off. Small sales for the supply of the city trade at $3,75a4,12½ for old stock and fresh ground, and $4,25a4,50 for extra. Rye Flour has not been inquired after; we quote at $3,25. Corn Meal is dull. A small sale of Pennsylvania at $3,31¼ per bbl.

The quantity of Flour and Meal inspected during the week ending the 21st inst., comprised—

Wheat Flour,	bbls	12,696
do.	half bbls	492
Rye Flour,	bbls	119
Corn Meal,	bbls	715

GRAIN.—The demand for Wheat has been limited, and prices are lower; sales of 20,000 bushels prime new Southern red at 70a80c; old 81; new Southern white 80a85c, and old Pennsylvania at 91 a90c per bushel, including some lots of inferior quality at lower rates. Rye is dull; small sales at 66a68 cts. Corn has been in limited demand, and prices have undergone no change. Sales of 22,000 bushels yellow at 60a62c per bushel, but mostly at the latter rate. Oats are in steady demand at 38c per bushel for Southern, and 37a38c for Pennsylvania.

PROVISIONS.—Pork is held firmly; small sales of Mess at $15,50, and Prime at $13 per bbl. Sales of 200 bbls Sour Mess at $14. Beef sells only in small lots for ship stores. Bacon continues in good demand, and prices tend upward. Sales of Hams at 9a11½c. Sides 9½a10, and Shoulders at 7½a8c per lb, cash and on time. Small sales of Lard at 9 a9½c per lb in bbls, and 10a10½c in kegs. In Butter and Cheese no change. Considerable sales of the former at 9½a10c per lb.

AMERICAN FABRICS.—A considerable number of Southern and Western merchants have already made their appearance, and commenced purchasing their Fall supplies. The stocks of all descriptions are large and variable, and prices steady.

BARK.—The demand for Quercitron is limited, and prices have further declined $1 per ton; sales of 100 hhds No 1 at $25. A small sale of Spanish Oak at $14 per cord.

BEESWAX.—But little offering; sales of 3,000 lbs good yellow at 26c per lb, cash.

CANDLES.—The demand continues limited for all kinds; we quote Sperm at 42a43, Adamantine at 19a24, and Tallow at 9a10 cts per lb for Dips and Mould.

COAL.—Continues in active request for the supply of Eastern markets at $3a3,12½ per ton for Schuylkill White Ash, $3,37½a3,50 for Red Ash on board at Richmond, and $3,50a3,62½ for Lehigh on board at Bristol. No sales of Allegheny Bituminous Coal have transpired.

COFFEE.—The market has been very quiet, but prices are firm; sales of 500 bags Rio at 8¼a8c per lb on time.

COPPER.—Is dull, and sells only in small lots at our former quotations.

COTTON.—There has been more inquiry for Cotton during the past week, and prices are fully maintained. Sales of near 800 bales Upland and New Orleans at 8a10c per lb on time.

The following is a comparative statement of the receipts and stocks of Cotton at the shipping ports, from 1st Sept. to latest dates:

	Receipts. 1850–51.	Receipts. '49–50.	Stocks. '50–51.	Stocks. '49–50.
N. Orleans, bales	942,078	797,581	28,460	31,863
Mobile	432,459	331,731	34,076	14,266
Savannah	305,159	330,671	3,261	15,399
Charleston	381,509	366,073	15,295	28,496
Florida	178,529	180,304	9,121	7,242
Texas	44,594	30,460	529	221
Virginia	19,140	9,300	1,500	500
N. Carolina	12,306	10,000	300	250
Other Ports	—	—	45,619	91,331
Total	2,315,343	2,061,415	120,000	188,951

The receipts at the different shipping ports to the latest dates show the following results:

Increase—	New Orleans, bales,	155,997	
	Mobile,	100,728	
	Charleston,	15,436	
	Texas,	12,116	
	Virginia,	9,940	
	North Carolina,	2,330	—296,555
Decrease—	Savannah,	20,572	
	Florida,	1,775—	22,617
	Total increase this season,		263,908

DRUGS AND DYES.—There has been but little doing, and prices of the leading articles are unchanged; small sales of Soda Ash at 2½a2¾; Sal Soda at 1¼, and Ombre Madder at 9¼ cts per lb.

FEATHERS.—Are scarce; we quote good Western at 36a40c per lb, cash.

FISH.—Mackerel continue to come in very slowly; store sales of new No 1 at $12, No 2 at $10, and No 3 at $3,25 per bbl; some sales of the latter have been made from vessel at $7. In Codfish no sales.

FRUIT.—The market has been very quiet, and no sales of Foreign have transpired. Small sales of Dried Peaches at $1,50 per bushel for good unpared halves, and some Apples at 3c per lb.

GINSENG.—But little offering. The last sale was at 35c per lb.

GUANO.—There has been more inquiry, but prices remain without change.

HEMP.—The market has been very quiet; sales of 75 bales Dew Rot on terms which have not transpired.

HIDES.—Sales of 1,700 West India Hides on terms kept private.

HOPS.—Are but little inquired after. We quote first sort at 40c per lb.

INDIGO.—The market continues very quiet, and the sales are unimportant.

IRON.—The demand for Pig Metal continues limited, and the sales are confined to a few hundred tons Anthracite at $21 per ton, 6 mos for No 1, and $20 for No 2. Scotch Pig is dull at $19,75. In Bar and Roller Iron no change.

LEAD.—The market has been very quiet. No sales.

LEATHER.—There is very little inquiry for any description. Prices, however, are unchanged.

LUMBER.—There is less doing. Sales of Spruce Joist at $13, and White and Yellow Pine Boards at $14a15 per M feet; 300,000 Laths at $1,25a1,37½ per M.

There was shipped by the Lehigh Canal during the week ending the 19th inst. Feet 1,254,891

Previously,	22,681,226
Total,	23,936,117

MOLASSES.—The market has been inactive, but prices are without change. Small sales of Cuba at 19a20, and Trinidad at 23c on time.

NAVAL STORES.—Spirits of Turpentine sells in lots at 35a37c, cash, and on time. Rosin, Tar and Pitch there is no change.

OIL.—Fish Oils are in moderate request at steady prices. Linseed Oil is dull, and sells only in small lots at 74a75c. Lard Oil is in limited request at former rates.

PLASTER.—But little arriving; sales of soft at $2,50a2,62½ per ton.

RICE.—The demand has been limited; small sales at 3¼a3½c per lb on time.

SALT.—An import of 1,900 sacks Liverpool Fine and 500 sacks, 2,500 bushels Ground, and a cargo of Turks' Island sold on terms kept private.

SEEDS.—In Cloverseed there is nothing doing. Small sales of Timothy, from wagons, at $2,62½a3 per bushel. Flaxseed is dull at $1,40.

SPICES.—Prices are unchanged; small sales of Pepper at 8¾a9c per lb.

SPIRITS.—Brandy and Gin sell only in small lots at former quotations. N. E. Rum commands 29 cts. Whiskey has been in limited demand; sales of bbls at 21a22, and hhds at the same prices.

SUGAR.—The market has been very quiet during the past week, partly owing to the inclemency of the weather. Sales of 200 hhds Cuba, New Orleans and Porto Rico at 5a6¼ per lb on time.

TALLOW.—Is in limited request at former rates.

TEAS are in rather better demand, but prices remain without change.

TOBACCO.—The market is very quiet, and the sales are confined to small lots for the supply of the trade at steady prices.

WINES.—No sales worthy of notice have transpired.

WOOL.—The supplies are beginning to fall off. Some Eastern manufacturers have been looking through the market, but they purchase very cautiously, and prices are 1 to 2 cts per lb lower. The week's sales amount to 45,000 pounds, in small lots, within the range of 37a50c per lb, 6 mos.

FREIGHTS.—To Liverpool are inactive. Engagements for Flour have been made at 1s 3d per barrel, Grain 4½d per bushel; Oil 15s, and Bark at 30s per ton. Colliers are in good demand to load for the Eastward at 90a95c per ton to New York; $1,20 to Rhode Island, and $1,50a1,55 to Boston.—*Inquirer.*

CATTLE MARKETS.

Philadelphia, Aug. 25.—The offerings of Beef Cattle for the week were about 1,300 head. Beeves are selling from $6,00 to 7,00 per 100 lbs. Hogs—About 400 head in market, and sold from $6 to $6,50 per 100 lbs. Cows—About 100 in market, and sold at prices ranging from $14 to 30. Sheep and Lambs—The former from $2 to 4; the latter from $2 to 3, according to quality.

Being positive in judgment to-day, is no proof that we shall not be of a different opinion to-morrow.

In matters of great concern, and which must be done, there is no surer argument of a weak mind than irresolution; to be undetermined where the case is so plain, and the necessity so urgent. To be always intending to live a new life, but never to set about it; this is as if a man should put off eating and drinking, and sleeping, from one day and night to another, till he is starved and destroyed.

The Reform Convention of Virginia is ascertained to have cost the State upwards of $180,000.

SATURDAY
EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA:
SATURDAY, AUGUST 30, 1851.

SATURDAY EVENING POST
STEAM-POWER BOOK AND JOB PRINTING OFFICE.
No. 66 South Third Street, Phila.
Where Books, Pamphlets, Hand Bills, Way Bills, Circulars, Bill Heads, Cards, Labels, &c., &c., are printed with despatch, in the neatest manner, and on the most reasonable terms.
DEACON & PETERSON, Proprietors.

From Cuba.

THE LOPEZ EXPEDITION.

EXECUTION OF FIFTY AMERICANS.

THE FALCON BOARDED.

Since our last, the following important news has been received from Havana, brought by the steamship Cherokee. The dates are to Aug. 17th. We select the following accounts from the New York Herald, Tribune, &c. We are indebted to the Purser of the Cherokee for the following fearful narrative:

The steamer Habanero, while cruising off a place called Bahia Honda, forty miles West of Havana, captured a party of 50 of the patriots, who were in four boats, unarmed, and report says, were steering for New Orleans. They were brought to Havana by the steamer Habanero, on Saturday morning, the 16th inst., at 1 o'clock, A. M., and were placed on board another Spanish frigate lying in port, and were executed at 15 minutes past 11 the same morning, by being shot on the public road in Havana, and at the local colosium in the presence of 20,000 spectators. After they were shot, they were dragged by the feet by negroes, and then left to the mob, who commenced stripping off their clothes, and carrying them on sticks through the streets, yelling like so many demons just escaped from the bottomless pit, and asking to wreak vengeance on they knew not what.

HAVANA, Aug. 16, 4½ P. M.

I am too much affected to write to you more than to say that I have this day been witness to one of the most brutal acts of wanton, inhuman butchery ever perpetrated in the annals of history. Not content, this Government, in revenging themselves in the death of these unfortunate, and, perhaps, misguided men, and which, it may even be said, was brought upon themselves, but these Spanish authorities deserve to be most severely chastised for their exceedingly vindictive conduct in permitting the desecration, as they have done, of the senseless clay of our brave countrymen. This morning—

Forty Americans,	One Italian,
Four Irish,	One Philippine Islander,
One Scotch,	Two Havanese, and

Two Germans, or Hungarians,

were shot at 11 o'clock—after which the troops were ordered to retire; and some hundreds of the very vilest rabble and negroes, hired for the purpose, commenced stripping the dead bodies, mutilating their limbs, tearing out their eyes, cutting off their noses and fingers, and some of the poor fellows (privates) these wretches brought to the city on sticks, and paraded them under the very walls of the palace. Oh, the very remembrance of the sight is frightful!

I never saw men—and could scarcely have supposed it possible—conduct themselves at such an awful moment with the fortitude these men displayed under such trying circumstances. They were shot six at a time, i. e. twelve were brought to the place of execution, six made to kneel down and receive the fire of the soldiers, after which the remaining six were made to walk round their dead comrades, and kneel opposite to them, when they also were shot. After being stripped, and their bodies mutilated in the barbarous manner I have described, they were shoved six or seven together, ... [illegible]

A finer-looking set of young men I never saw; they made not a single complaint, not a murmur against their sentence, and decency should have been shown to their dead bodies, in admiration for the heroism they displayed when brought out for execution. ... [illegible]

Annexed is a list of the names of those men who were shot on the public road, in Havana. It is estimated that there were twenty thousand spectators:

Col W S Clendenin	Private James L Manville
Capt F S Brewer	G M Green
" Victor Kerr	R Ellis
" T B Veacey	Napoleon Collins
Lieut Jas Brandt	N H Fisher
" J O Bryce	Wm Chilling
" Thos C James	G A Cook
Doctor John Fisher	G Arnold
" K A Tournigant	M H Ball
Serg't J Whiterest	James Buxet
A M Cotchett	Robt Caldwell
Adjt R C Stanford	C C Wm Smith
Lieut M H Holmes	A Ross
Private Samuel Mills	P Brourke
" Edward Ruhman	John Christide
" Geo A Arnold	Wm B Little
" B J Wregy	Robt Cantley
" Wm Niesman	John G Sanka
" Anselmo Torres	Jos Hugenin
" Patrick Dillon	Thos Harnett
" Thos Hearsey	Alex McLelier
" John Reed	John Stubbs
" M T Vison	James Ellis
" M Phillips	Wm Hogan
	Chas A Robinson

This list embraces forty-nine; there were fifty-two shot. Some say that the Col. Clendenin above, should be Col. Crittenden, nephew of the U. S. Attorney General.

Many of the Cherokee's passengers, who were on the spot of the execution, were pointed at with a sneer of contempt, and many stopped in the streets and insulted—called Americans, and that they were one and all of the same party—that one of those days they would be served in the same way. It was dangerous for an American to be in the streets alone at night.

Another account says that the prisoners were butchered in a most inhuman manner—several having been shot at from ten to fifteen times, and then only relieved from their misery by the use of the butts of the muskets in the hands of the Spanish soldiers; thence dragged out like dogs, by the heels, and thrown together, their clothes being divided as spoils among the soldiers.

SPANISH OFFICIAL ACCOUNT.

[From a Supplement of the Prensa, of August 16.]

JUSTICE.—We have just come from the shocking execution, at the brow of the Castle of Atares, of the fifty pirates taken by the excellent General Commander of Marine of this station, having arrived, in the morning, on board the war frigate of her Majesty the Queen, Esperanza. The justice of man is accomplished. The unfortunate criminals are now before the tribunal of God, giving an account of their past lives. We hate the crime. We have compassion for the criminals. Please God that this inevitable and just warning may wake the understanding and reason of those perverse men who, from a foreign land, cast to death those who are their instruments: the infamous, who, incited by the most vile passions and voracity, are intent to bring ruin, desolation and crime into a peaceful and quiet country, which respects all the other nations of the world—which is always occupied with its business, its industry and its commerce. New Orleans papers, there is your work! There is the result of your dragooning, of your iniquitous falsehoods, of your placards in large black letters, and your detestable extras. There we have the scattered blood, and that will be scattered in future. There you have it, smoking in accusation against you, perverse instigators; against you who have murdered these deluded men, whom you have sent to death—for you know well that they certainly would be killed. This blood must flow, drop by drop upon your heads—this blood will torment you in your sleep, for they have lost their lives when you were in security in your houses. ... [illegible]

The fifty prisoners of Esperanza have been shot at the brow of the Castle of Atares, as we have already said. ... [illegible]

... been found; as if the impiety of the fifty pirates. These men had ... [illegible]

[Second column]

... been disturbed by the funeral agonies, and were interred according to the circumstances of the tragedy. The justice of man is complete! God has pardoned the young culprits, who have lost their lives by having trusted their faith to the dishonest falsehoods of the New Orleans papers.

HAVANA, August 16—10, A. M.

Intelligence received here ... [illegible] ... Lopez ... [illegible]

Scarcely had the government recovered from one shock, when their attention was called to the still more serious fact that a number of sympathizers, under Gen. Lopez had effected a landing at Playitas, a few miles to the Westward of Bahia Honda, which took place at 4, A. M., on the 12th instant. Lopez is decidedly a brave man—brave almost to rashness. It is positively believed here, and I believe it to be true, that the steamer signalled from the Moro Castle, on the evening of the 12th, was the same one which conveyed Gen. Lopez and his friends to these shores. Such a daring act of audacity, boarding as it were the lion in his den, is most extraordinary.

It appears that, close into the entrance of this harbor, Lopez fell in with a schooner, from which he took out the captain and mate to serve him as pilots on the coast of Bahia Honda, the navigation of which is very intricate. They arrived off Bahia Honda about 9, P. M., when they immediately commenced making signals to the shore by means of rockets, &c., which probably had been previously agreed upon between the liberators and those on shore. Gen. Lopez did not effect a landing with his men until 4, A. M.; but the debarkation was done in so masterly a style, that before sunrise he had not only landed his men, with all their munitions of war, but was on his march to Las Pozas, a town a few miles distant from the coast, where he immediately commenced intrenching himself.

The expedition, in the opinion of the witnesses, consisted of a thousand men. They only disembarked two barrels of powder, four cwt. of balls and two boxes of muskets. Each person was armed with a pair of six barrelled pistols, a sword and musket, all in bad condition. They only landed provisions for one day, the greater part of which was biscuit, and two barrels of meal. The company consisted of fifty natives of Cuba, and the remainder from America and other countries. On landing, Gen. Lopez sent a letter to the inhabitants of Pozas, threatening them with extermination if they did not aid him.

In the meanwhile, here, in Havana, reigned the greatest excitement. The Pizarro, laden with troops, under the command of Gen. Enna (who is next in command to the Captain General), and with him the Admiral, left about 2, A. M., for Bahia Honda, one thousand men having previously been sent by the railway cars.

It must be borne in mind, that such was the state of confusion and alarm into which the government were thrown, that they had no distinct idea as to whether Bahia Honda or Madrid were the points to which the liberators had come. However, the following morning, we are informed that Gen. Enna had come up with the pirates as they are termed by the government, and had fought with them at Las Pozas, in which he regrets the loss of some of his men and others wounded.

In this engagement the Spaniards were commanded by Gen. Enna in person, who had his horse shot from under him: Colonel Radel and seven officers, and about seventy-eight men were killed.

So unerring and deadly was the fire of the brave liberators that Gen. Enna was three times repulsed with loss. At this moment the Lieut. Governor of Mariel, Col. Garrea, came up, with about two hundred men more, when the Colonel received a shot through his leg, and his men such a check, that Gen. Enna (as he states in his official communication to the Captain General, dated half-past three o'clock on the 14th,) saw the uselessness of attempting anything further against the pirates without more artillery, as it would be only exposing his men to certain death without any result; consequently he demanded further reinforcements.

Accordingly, two steamers, the Habanero and the Almendares, left that day with more troops, to the number of fourteen hundred, so that, according to their own account, with those who have been concentrating from the other districts they have got upwards of 5,000 men, including cavalry, and up till this moment they have only made three captives, who, so they say in the official bulletin, they instantly put to death. Two of these captives were sailors belonging to the steamer Pampero, who, after landing Lopez, had gone into a tavern and got drunk; the other poor fellow was found in a hut, unable to move, from a fracture he received when landing.

On the 15th, it was known that the liberators, who have been joined in large numbers by the people of the country, made a move in the direction of Diego de Nunez and Cabanas, with the intention of possessing themselves of the fort at the latter place, when, unfortunately, some forty or fifty of them who had, in a most daring manner, endeavored to get there by sea in four launches, with the intention of taking the Spaniards in the fort by surprise, were themselves, after a most desperate resistance, captured by the Spanish Admiral, who, with his steamer and an immense number of men, succeeded in taking them, after a fight of four hours.

It is computed that there were no less than 329 soldiers and sailors engaged in the capture of these brave fifty Americans.

Elated with his success, Admiral Bustillos hastened with his prize to Havana, where he arrived this morning at 1 30, A. M.

ANOTHER ACCOUNT OF THE PRISONERS.

On the morning of the 16th, at 3 o'clock, the Captain General despatched a steam ferry-boat to Bahia Honda, to gain intelligence and return the same night. The boat, after cruising about without obtaining any news, returned to Havana about 7 o'clock the next morning.

Soon after this the steamer Habanero came into port, bringing about forty or fifty wounded soldiers. What these fifty men were doing among the Cayos, where they were taken, is a mystery. Some suppose they were proceeding to a village on the coast, near to Havana, and that they ran in among the Cayos to hide from the cruisers. Whether they were armed or not could not be ascertained. A fisherman first saw them, and gave the Government information, when the Habanero was despatched in pursuit.

It is said she ran the boats down and then picked up the men; but nothing positive can be learned, as no intercourse was allowed with the prisoners, and the Government discloses nothing but what answers their purpose.

The prisoners, after being brought into Havana, were led out ten at a time and shot from behind. Not a sign of fear or a murmur escaped from one of them. One fine-looking fellow, who was the last one shot, while kneeling, awaiting his turn, calmly looked on his butchered companions, first turning his head on one side and then on the other, as though he was only a spectator, and then turned his head and looked his executioners in the face while they fired. He was shot six times before he fell. After the execution, they were thrown into hearses by six or eight at a time, and taken away and buried. About 20,000 spectators were assembled to witness this horrid spectacle.

Many of the spectators of the execution possessed themselves of the hats, and different portions of the clothing belonging to the victims, and placing them on sticks, marched through the principal streets of Havana with a kind of savage joy, and uttering the most bitter curses on the "Fillibusteros," accompanied with shouts and vivas for the Captain-General.

We learn from another gentleman who came passenger in the Cherokee, that information had been received at Havana, a few hours before the sailing of the steamer, that Gen. Lopez and his party had been attacked by a body of Spanish troops, and, after a hard fought and bloody battle, had been completely routed.

General Lopez and a few of his followers escaped to the mountains, and it is supposed that the party executed at Havana got separated from their companions and took to the launches.

A correspondent of the Newark Advertiser gives the following few particulars of the fight between the Spanish troops and Lopez's party, about which there is so little information:

Yesterday, the 14th, we had a report from the seat of war, that the Spanish troops were beaten back three different times. The first charge the Spanish troops made, their General ordered them not to fire until they got within a certain distance, which order they obeyed. After they had fired the first round, they advanced with the bayonet, when the invaders fired, killing and wounding all the company except eleven, with a very few killed and wounded on the part of the invaders.

After the first attack, the steamer was sent back for physicians and more troops, and with mounted field-pieces, coming three miles with them. General Enna had two horses killed under him, and two of his Aid de Camps also. The report is, that one of the invading Generals was killed. The position the invaders have is a very good one. They are in a small town surrounded by marsh excepting at one point.

16th. Yesterday the Spanish troops had a very severe fight with the invaders, which finally made the latter give way. Some went to the mountains, and some to the sea shore, where they found some boats, which they took and put out to sea, where the Habanero steamer came across them. They had the commander on board, also artillery. They captured fifty of them, and brought them to Havana last night about twelve o'clock. This morning they were all shot at the fort back of Havana.

When the Spanish troops made a charge on the invaders, they gave way, and the Government troops pursued them. All at once the invaders turned back and gave their pursuers a terrible charge. Out of about 300 men they shot down and wounded all but 30 men and one officer. It has taken about five to one to clean them out. The steamers are all along the coast, for they expect a large reinforcement every moment. We have not heard of those that went to the mountains, whether they have been captured or not.

THE U. S. MAIL STEAMSHIP FALCON AND THE SPANISH ARMED STEAMSHIPS.—We learn from passengers by the steamer Falcon, from Chagres to Havana, that on the morning of the 16th, when off Bahia Honda, the Falcon discovered a large steam-frigate in chase of her. When first seen, she was standing directly across her bow, evidently intending to cut her off. The Falcon, however, kept on her course, and soon left the frigate eight or ten miles astern. This vessel was the Isabella Catholica, formerly the Cunard steamship Caledonia. While she was still in chase, another steamer hove in sight, and giving chase, succeeded in heading off the Falcon. She at first fired two shotted guns to leeward, of which the Falcon took no notice. She then ran down alongside and fired a third gun directly across her bow, although she had the American colors flying. The chase then ordered the Falcon to heave to, which was done, when the officers on board the Spanish steamer gave three cheers. An officer from the Spaniard then boarded the Falcon, and behaved in a very insolent manner, inquiring particularly for Spanish passengers. He soon left, and the Falcon proceeded on her course to Havana, ... [illegible]

[Third column]

... all that the Habanero had the eight prisoners ... loaded with fifty prisoners, taken in four launches off Bahia Honda, and that they were all shot at 12 o'clock on that day.

Forty of these men were Americans, and were part of the Lopez expedition, which had a few days previous landed near Havana, from the steamer Pampero.

The greatest excitement prevails in Havana. All Americans are looked upon with spies, and none of them feel safe from one day to the next.

During Saturday, the 16th, the report was that Gen. Lopez had cut off all communication between the Government forces and Havana. And the fact of the Captain General having received no despatches from the general in command, seems to give strong proof of its truth. Nor had the steamer arriving on the coast any better success.

ANOTHER ACCOUNT.—The Falcon, while on her way up the coast of Cuba from Chagres, was fired at three times by the steamer Habanero, and was obliged to heave to, and was boarded by the officers of the Habanero. After the Falcon had proceeded, the officers of the Habanero cheered, as if they had gained a glorious victory. This is the third time the Falcon has been served the same trick. The U. S. sloop-of-war Albany was in port.

In addition to the foregoing, we have received from Colonel Whitney, United States Mail Agent to California, the annexed statement:—

Left Chagres in the U. S. Mail Steamer Falcon, on the evening of the 11th of August; on the 16th instant, about 10 o'clock, was shot at three times by the Spanish steamer Habanero; brought to; was boarded; the demand made, "of what ship we were, where from, where bound, &c., &c."

On bringing to, an insolent spawn of the Spanish Government took the lead in taking off their hats, shouting and hurrahing at their success in stopping an United States mail steamer, with the American ensign and U. S. mail flag aloft. A request was made for Captain Rodgers to return with the officer on board the Spanish steamer, which he very coolly declined, stating that he was "going into Havana." Arrived at Havana the same evening about three o'clock. Boarded by the naval officers. Was immediately informed that fifty-two men were shot at twelve o'clock on that day (forty of whom were Americans) run down upon the high seas, 25 or 30 miles from land, by the same steamer; the survivors taken into Havana, and in a few hours, conveyed to the place of execution—hauled on their way repeatedly by both officers and men, and then butchered in a most inhuman manner—several having been shot at from ten to fifteen times, and then only relieved from their misery by the use of the butts of their muskets—thence dragged out like dogs by the heels, and thrown together, their clothes being divided as spoils among the noble victors.

WM. WHITNEY, U. S. Mail Agent.
Aug. 21st, on board the steamer Cherokee.

THE AMERICAN CONSUL.

A Havana correspondent of the N. Y. Herald says:—

The saddest portion of the history which I have to relate is the indifference of the American Consul to their sad fate. This gentleman, as you are aware, is Mr. A. F. Owen, late representative from Georgia, in Congress, and nominated by Mr. Fillmore to replace General Campbell, the late Consul here. Mr. Owen was called upon by an American gentleman residing here to see if he had made any effort to see those of his countrymen who were thus inhumanly to be shot; the Consul took the ground that they had been declared outlaws by Mr. Fillmore, and he should not interfere in the matter. After some conversation he concluded that he would write to the Captain-General, which he did, requesting only an interview. At two o'clock he had received no answer.

OTHER REPORTS.

The N. Y. Sun, (the Cuban organ in New York,) publishes the following:

From various passengers by the Cherokee, we learn the following reports:—One report in Havana was, that Gen. Lopez's forces had swelled to eleven hundred men, and that he had fought a battle with the Spanish forces, in which nearly EIGHT HUNDRED of the latter were killed and wounded!

Another report reduces the number to from *four to six hundred.*

SEVENTY EIGHT wounded had been brought in. This, and the fact that not a single prisoner of the Patriot forces had been taken, except those taken in the boats, conclusively prove a victory for Gen. Lopez.

Several passengers confirm the statement made above, that Gen. Lopez had, by a brilliant manœuvre, cut off communication between Havana and the troops sent against him. The probabilities are, that he has cut off the troops too.

Mantes, the most important town in the Department, is reported to be in the possession of the Revolutionists.

It gives the following explanation of the advantages of the place at which Gen. Lopez has made his landing:

Port Cubanas is on the Western coast, Northern side of the Island, and only about forty miles distant from Havana. It has a population of about 3,000, and possesses no defences except a small fort. The Cubans assure us that the Commandante is one of Lopez's friends. At any rate, the fort will fall easily into the hands of the emigrants.

Port Cubanas communicates with the fine, rich and populous jurisdiction of the Vuelta Abajo. In this jurisdiction the population amounts to 47,000, of which 26,000 are whites, 5,500 free colored, and the remainder slaves. It is the tobacco-growing district, and there are no large plantations like as in the Eastern Department. The land is divided up into farms of two and three acres each, which the Cubans cultivate chiefly by their own labor. The Cubans in this city state to us that it is no part of the Island can General Lopez recruit his forces better, while provisions and horses can be obtained in abundance.

With Gonzale's reinforcement of five hundred men, the Patriots could sweep the whole Western department up to the very walls of Havana. All the troops that could well be spared from Havana have already been drafted to the Eastern part of the Island. There is no strong force stationed in any part of the Vuelta Abajo. The troops to oppose Lopez must therefore be drawn from Havana; and as there is only about an aggregate of 5,000 troops in and around Havana, probably not over 1,000 could be speedily marched against him. With this force he would manage to make short work, even if they all should stand fast to their colors, which, we are told, is doubtful.

Gen Lopez is brave and daring, and the men he commands are said to be selected from among 1,500. Of their success we cannot speculate at present.

The Government officers in the South and South-West appear to have connived at the starting of the expedition. The United States revenue cutter Crawford, at Key West, could not intercept the Pampero, because she (the Crawford,) was in a disabled condition. The United States Judge, Marshal, and the Collector of the Port, were absent from Key West, "up the roof," as is usual at this time of the year, "for their health." While at New Orleans the connivance was open as daylight.

The following are the names of the most of the leading men who are supposed to have landed at Cubanos from the Pampero:

Gen. Narciso Lopez, the leader of the expedition; Col. J. Pragay, late of the Hungarian army, formerly Adjutant General to General Klapka, and second in command at Comorn, when that place capitulated. He goes second in command to Gen. Lopez; Col. Crittenden, late of the U. S. Army, and nephew of the Attorney General of the United States. He has the immediate command of the artillery; Col. Dollman, of Georgia, who served through the Mexican war; Col. Chase; Major J. A. Kelly, who served in the Florida and Mexican wars, and was once a leading Whig editor in Louisiana; Captain W. Scott Haynes; Captain A. J. Dalley; Captain Ellis, late of the Hungarian army; Captain Victor Kerr, late of the Hungarian army.

The Pampero is commanded by Captain Lewis, who directed the Creole so successfully in the Cardenas expedition; and who was arrested in New York city a short time ago, while in command of the Cleopatra, and held to bail in the sum of $5,000.

General News.

THE EARTH'S ROTATION.—Since Foucault's experiments to prove the rotation of the earth, by the pendulum, several other modes of arriving at the same fact have been made public. Among the latest is that of Mr. George C. Davies and Mr. Samuel R. Carter, who with a rod delicately balanced upon a pivot, have obtained the same motion as that of Foucault. Prof. Brainerd, of Cleveland, claims to have made the same discovery, and tried the same experiment, before it was thought of by the Cincinnati gentlemen.

We have now a new and curious fact developed in this city, though it appears to give an opposite motion to that indicated by the other experiments. Rev. E. D. Sanders, of Pottsville, a gentleman of much scientific research and information, has for some time had his attention drawn to the well known whirlpool formed in a funnel filled with water, when it is allowed to escape. The motion of this whirlpool is invariably in one direction—that opposite to the hands of a clock. At a recent meeting of the Academy of Natural Sciences in this city, Mr. S. presented a carefully prepared paper, in which this phenomenon is attributed to the motion of the earth. It was received with great favor by the Academy, and will be published in the next number of their proceedings. The fact on which he bases his theory is well known, though few have thought of connecting it with such an important matter as the rotation of the earth. It is an experiment that can be tried by every one without difficulty.—Whether it or Foucault's theory is the correct one, and how the apparently opposite motions of the two are to be reconciled, are questions for the scientific.—*Bulletin.*

LONDON BLOOMERS.—Two ladies were to be seen promenading Oxford Street, London, on the 2nd instant, attired in the Bloomer costume, and escorted by a crowd of ragged urchins and a number of the curious of both sexes. They were said to be mother and daughter, of the name of Jeffers, recently arrived in the metropolis to attend the vegetarian soiree. The ladies, who appeared to be respectively about thirty-seven and eighteen years of age, were attired in black satin visites and an inner tunic reaching a little below the waist; the lower garment being loose, pink striped pantaloons.

POLITICAL NEWS.

CLAY AGAIN.—The Lexington Observer is out for Mr. Clay as the Whig candidate for the Presidency. The editor says he brings Mr. Clay forward without consulting him.

KENTUCKY.—Powell (Democrat) is said to have about 800 majority. Thompson (Whig) is elected Lieutenant-Governor by 6,000 majority. Rev. Mr. Breckinridge (Whig) Superintendent of Public Instruction, and Mr. Haggard (Whig) President of the Board of Public Works. C. M. Clay has between 2,170 and 3,000 votes for Governor.

INDIANA.—The Whigs did not elect their candidate for Congress in the First District, as has been heretofore stated, but were successful in the Tenth District, which had been conceded to the Democrats. The Delegation in the next Congress will consist of two Whigs and eight Democrats. One Whig gain.

TENNESSEE.—Campbell (Whig) is elected Governor; majority reported at 1,300. The Whigs have also carried the Legislature, which will secure two U. S. Senators. Congressional delegation same as before.

MASSACHUSETTS DEMOCRATIC CONVENTION.—This was a large Convention. On the vote for President the vote stood: Whole number 1,061; necessary to a choice, 542; N. P. Banks, Jr., Coalitionist, had 692; Henry Crocker, Old Liner, 300; Mr. Beard, of Lowell, 16; Caleb Cushing, 1; blanks, 2. Notwithstanding the great majority of Coalitionists, the resolutions take ground in favor of the Compromise, Fugitive Slave Law, &c.

BLACK LAWS OF INDIANA.—The following provision of the new Constitution of Indiana has been adopted by a majority of about 80,000:

SEC. 1. No negro or mulatto shall come into or settle in this State after the adoption of this Constitution.

SEC. 2. All contracts made with any negro or mulatto coming into this State contrary to the foregoing section, shall be void; and all persons who shall employ, or otherwise encourage such negro or mulatto to remain in this State, shall be fined in any sum not less than ten dollars, nor more than five hundred dollars.

SEC. 3. All fines which may be collected for a violation of the provisions of this article, or any law which may hereafter be passed for the purpose of carrying the same into execution, shall be set apart for the colonization of such negroes and mulattoes, and their descendants, as may be in the State at the adoption of this Constitution, and may be willing to emigrate.

TEXAS.—Galveston, Aug. 18.—The returns so far, give Peter H. Bell, (Dem.) for Governor, 3,500 plurality over Epperson, (Whig.) Bell and Henderson, (Dem.) are elected Governor and Lieut. Governor. Richardson Scurry, (Dem.) is elected to Congress, in the first District, and Volney E. Howard, (Dem.) in the second.

WILMOT.—At a recent meeting in Bradford County, after the speech of Col. Bigler, Mr. Wilmot was called for. He said:

He had not expected to be called on to make a speech; that he was "not in the bills of the day," and therefore would say but little; that he had listened with interest to the frank, candid and argumentative speech of Col Bigler, and on the question of State policy, he entirely agreed with him. On the question of the Tariff, especially, he gave his hearty concurrence; but in reference to the Compromise Laws, he did not agree with him. Col. Bigler had said he was in favor of the Compromise Laws, he (Wilmot) was opposed to the Compromise Laws, and in a national canvass, would fight him on that issue! But the present was a State canvass and not a National canvass, and as he was in favor of the measures of State policy, advocated by Colonel Bigler, he did not see, in the present aspect of affairs, anything to prevent him from giving the nominee of the Democratic party his candid support.

THE FIRE ANNIHILATOR.—They are about the size of an ordinary coal scuttle made of sheet iron, composed of a number of cylindrical cases within one another, weighing about 20 pounds, and easily handled by any person. The means of destroying flame is by the production of a gaseous vapor, although anti-combustive, yet not anti-respiratory, which is poured upon the fire. The real cause of the fire being extinguished is not by creating a new atmosphere, but we believe by reducing the temperature of the flame to a point at which it cannot exist; this is accomplished by a chemical combination of substances, within the machine, which are brought in contact when wanted, by means of a simple spring, which creates the vapor, and this is introduced to the flame through the spout of the machine by the person holding it. Each machine will give 1,200 cubic feet of gas.

This discovery was made by Mr. Phillips, of London, who was first led to prosecute his researches by observing that the vapor which issued from a volcano, during an eruption, extinguished flame the moment it came in contact with it.—*Pennsylvanian.*

THE FIERY ORDEAL.—It is quite possible to believe that the fiery ordeal of the days of witchcraft may have been submitted to without injury provided the party tried understood the philosophy of the thing. A Mr. Boutigney lately demonstrated the entire practicability of immersing the hand in the intensest heat without damage. At the meeting of the British Association at Ipswich, England, a few weeks ago, Mr. B. caused a pot of melted iron to be prepared at a foundry, and having damped his right hand with a little water, plunged it with perfect impunity into the glowing melted metal. The sensation, he assured the spectators, was one of cold rather than heat, and he gave the following *rationale* of the phenomenon: The moisture of the skin became converted, by heat, into that peculiar condition termed spheroidal vapor, which, being a bad conductor of heat, effectually prevented the skin from being burned.

TIME CHANGED.—We understand that at a recent meeting of the Maryland State Agricultural Society, the cattle show, which was to have taken place next month, was postponed until the 21st, 23d, and 24th of October. The Hon. Daniel Webster, it will be remembered, is to deliver the Address usual upon the occasion.

BOWEL COMPLAINTS occur more frequently during the Summer months than at any other period, because at this season the system being debilitated, digestion is not sufficiently active to dispose of the food before it becomes putrified; hence a peculiar acid is generated in the stomach, which is the cause of those horrid diseases called dysentery, cholera morbus, inflammation of the bowels, &c. *Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills* are a natural remedy, and therefore a certain cure for bowel complaints; because they cleanse the stomach and bowels from those putrid humors which are the cause of the above distressing complaints. Consequently, as they remove the *cause* of every form of disease, it is impossible for them to fail in making a perfect cure.

Beware of Counterfeits!—The genuine will be found for sale by agents and dealers in all parts of the United States and Canadas.

Principal Office 169 Race Street, Philadelphia.

Local News.

GREAT DEMOCRATIC MEETING.—A mass meeting of the Democrats of the city and county was held last week at the Chinese Saloon; and a large gathering was collected in that spacious room. Many of the wards of the city and county were represented by delegations, which proceeded to the meeting in procession, with torches, banners and music, and added much to the enthusiasm of the occasion by their movements and demonstrations. George M. Dallas presided, with a large number of Vice Presidents and Secretaries. Colonel Bigler was received with great applause. In the course of his speech he stated that if elected he should resist, as far as in him laid, that the paper money of the State should be limited to the smallest amount required by the laws and necessities of trade; that guards should be thrown around it in every possible way, and that the most vigorous means should be resorted to and placed in the hands of the people, to enforce the prompt and faithful redemption of such a currency on presentation to those who issued it.

Colonel Bigler next reverted to National topics. Without going into detail, he would say, with regard to the Tariff, he had given his vote of preference to the law of 1846 over that of 1842, which, being recorded on the journal of the Senate of our State, he has since seen no reasons to change his opinions on that score.

The Compromise measure, adopted at the last session of Congress, was next dwelt upon as being all that was necessary to restore harmony between the North and the South, and to secure the perpetuity of the Union. As included in these measures, he mentioned, with hearty approval, the provision for the rendition of fugitives from labor, and the abrogation of the slave mart in the District of Columbia. After the speech, the meeting adjourned, many of the delegations having a long way to go.

NEW PUBLIC SCHOOL-HOUSES.—There are at the present time ten substantial school-houses building in various sections of the city and county, under the superintendence of the Committee on Property of the Board of Controllers. Five are to be three stories in height, and all the others two stories, except one, which is to be but a single story. They are all to be constructed on the plan recently adopted by the Board of Control, designed by Mr. Sloan, the architect, with movable sash partitions to divide the classes into separate rooms. In all these school-houses there has been more than usual care to secure that proper ventilation so necessary to the health of both teachers and scholars. The Board of Control have adopted an improved furnace, patented by Gardiner Chilson, of Boston, which is to be introduced into six of the school houses above mentioned, as well as in the High School building. There is an improvement in the brick-work of the furnace—an inner casing being introduced which allows the cold air to circulate in the space between, before entering the air chamber. The heat from the furnace penetrating the inner casing, causes a constant current of the cold air for the supply of the air chamber, while at the same time it prevents the brick-work from absorbing the heat. The radiating surface is of cast-iron, circular in form, with tubes, allowing the rapid circulation of the heated air. The furnace itself is large in diameter, but economy of fuel is secured by its being but eight inches deep for the largest size. The flues are to be constructed of tin. Arrangements are being made by Mr. S. A. Harrison, the agent in this city, for the manufacture of this furnace in this neighborhood.

WHIG DELEGATE ELECTION.—The party in favor of the re-election of Mayor Gilpin carried fourteen wards, leaving only three for Col. John Swift.

BOARD OF HEALTH.—The number of deaths during the last week in this city was 199—adults 66, and children 133.

ALMANAC.

[illegible]

STATE OF THE THERMOMETER.

	8 o'clock.	12 o'clock.	3 o'clock.
Aug. 17,	71	82	80
18,	67	71	73
19,	66	74	76
20,	69	81	81
21,	68	80	79
22,	73	77	80
23,	75	80	84

Marriages.

On the 19th inst. by the Rev. John Coleman, D. D. Mr. JAMES W. WARD, of N. York, to Miss MARY A. ... of this city.

On third-day evening, in presence of the Mayor, by Friends' Ceremony, AARON PANCOAST, of this city, to MARY A. TIPPY, of Cumberland county, N. J.

On the 19th instant, by the Rev. A. C. Thomas, Mr. JOSEPH A. FANNING, of Augusta, Ga. to Miss ELIZABETH J. TITTERMARY, of this city.

On the 19th inst. by the Rev. Dr. John Coleman, SAMUEL P. IVILL, of Barbadoes, British West Indies, to E. LAVINIA, daughter of the late Capt. Chas. Bartling, of this city.

On the 5th inst. by the Rev. Dr. Wilson, Mr. CHAS H. ECKSTEIN, to Miss ANNA MCCLURG KLINE, daughter of the late Peter Kline, of Philadelphia.

On the 19th inst. by the Rev. A. D. Gillette, Mr. GEORGE H. MORLEY, to Miss ANN E. BLANCHARD, all of Philadelphia.

On the 19th ult. at Allegheny, Pa. by the Rev. S. E. Babcock, WILLIAM H. PRYOR, late of this city, to MARTHA C. DOUGLASS, of the former place.

On the 13th of April, by the Rev. J. H. Fowles, JOSEPH E. MARLE, to Miss MARY A. LOOSE, both of Philadelphia.

On the 21st ult. by the Rev. P. F. Mayer, D. D., JOHN R. ANGNEY, M. D. to Miss ISABELL S. MUIR, daughter of the late Joseph S. Muir, of Philadelphia.

On the 5th inst. by the Rev. John L. Grant, Mr. DANIEL S. MCKINLEY, formerly of Delaware, to Miss SARAH E. LOCK, of Kensington.

On the 12th inst. by D. J. B. Stratford, Justice of the Peace, EARL H. TOY, of Philadelphia, to Miss ADELINE HOEY, of Baltimore.

In Manayunk, on the 16th inst. by the Rev. R. W. Morris, Mr. JOHN HOPKINS, to Miss MARGARET WURTS, both of Pottsville.

On the 17th instant, by the Rev. John Street, Mr. STEPHEN C. BRADFORD, to Miss ANN JACKSON, all of this city.

On the 19th ult. by the Rev. A. D. Gillette, HENRY BARBELLE, to Miss ELLEN M. RICHARDSON, all of Philadelphia.

On the 14th instant, at Ashbury Parsonage, West Philadelphia, by the Rev. T. S. Johnson, Mr. OLIVER RUSSELL, to Miss HANNAH DIBBLE, of Pottsville.

On the 14th inst. by the Rev. George Hand, J. E. MELBOURNE, Tragedian, to Miss SALLIE BRADFORD, daughter of the late Chas. Bradford, all of this city.

On the 11th of Jan. by the Rev. John Chambers, Mr. GEORGE RUTHERFORD, to Miss ANNA E. LARK, both of this city.

Deaths.

On the 16th instant, at Greenwich, Berks county, GEORGE AUGUSTUS, son of the Rev. G. F. J. Jaeger, aged 22 years and 14 days.

On the 20th inst. ESTHER, daughter of Leonard and Jane Comly, aged 20 months.

On the 20th inst. Rev. HENRY BOEHRAVE, D. D. aged 75 years.

On the 20th inst. LYDIA B. wife of Jas. Bayne, Jr. aged 19 years.

On the 19th inst. Miss SARAH FARLEY, aged 71.

On the 19th inst. Mrs. REBECCA DENO, aged 51.

On the 20th inst. GEORGE W. SOUTHWORTH, aged 53 years.

At Germantown, on the 19th inst. Mrs. MARY A. widow of the late Geo. W. Webster.

At Germantown, on the 20th inst. JULIAN KING, aged 18 days.

On the 20th inst. ARTHUR MCGEE, aged 27 years.

On the 20th instant, BURTON H. MULLEN, aged 21 months.

On the 20th inst. MARY RANDALL, aged 22.

On the 19th inst. JOSEPHINE DENNIS.

On the 19th inst. GEORGE BURTON, son of Elisha and the late Hannah De Groot, aged 11 months.

On the 19th inst. CHRISTIAN HUDSON, son of Jas. and Catharine Carr, aged 11 months.

On the 19th inst. Mrs. M. ANGELINE ASHBY, aged 38 years.

On the 19th inst. ANN ELIZA, daughter of Robt. and Jane Law, aged 11 years.

On the 18th inst. GEORGE MORRIS, aged 21.

On the 19th inst. Mrs. MARGARET CORMACK, aged 52 years.

On the 17th inst. JOHN WHITTAKER, aged 78.

On the 19th instant, CHARLES, son of Wm. W. and Sarah M. Burns, aged 20 days.

At Reading, on the 16th inst. JULIUS R. MANUAL, son of F. C. and the late Julia C. Smith, aged 2 mos.

On the 20th inst. JAS. AUGUSTUS, son of Wm. and Catherine Doherty, aged 14 months.

On the 16th inst. GEO. AUGUSTUS, son of Rev. G. F. Jaeger, aged 23 years.

On the 17th inst. GERSHOM M. WORRATH, wife of J. R. Nagus.

On the 16th inst. SUSAN R. BROWN, daughter of the late Geo Hickman, Esq. of this city.

On the 17th inst. Mrs. ANN SANDERS, aged 36.

On the 16th inst. SARAH, daughter of the late Andrew Pettit, Esq.

On the 16th inst. MARGARET, wife of Chas. Glass, aged 52 years.

On the 16th inst. Mrs. ANGETTA M. wife of Henry M. Fallen, Esq. aged 39 years.

On the 12th inst. Mrs. MARTHA VANCE, aged 57.

On the 19th inst. Mr. THOMAS CRAWFORD, aged 90.

At Bordentown, N. J. on the 11th inst. ANNA MATILDA, daughter of John and Elizabeth Scattergood, aged 7 years.

Bank Note List.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY R. JOHNSTON & Co., BROKERS, No. 36 South Third Street.

Philadelphia, August 30, 1851.

[illegible]

THE STOCK MARKET.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY CHARLES CAMBLOS, STOCK AND EXCHANGE BROKER, No. 32 South Third Street.

The following were the closing quotations for Stocks on Monday last. Market closing firm.

[illegible]

NEW YORK MARKETS, AUG. 20.

[illegible]

TRAVELLING AGENTS.

Mr. C. W. JAMES, No. 1 Harrison Street, Cincinnati, Ohio, is our general travelling agent for the Western States, assisted by J. T. Dent, W. Ramsey, Dr. J. Wadsworth, E. K. Greene, Alex. R. Laws, James Rutherford, Dr. Lot Edwards, Thomas Prond, and C. M. L. Wiseman. Each of the above persons have a certificate of the Mayor of Cincinnati, with seal of the city, describing their persons, so there will be no risk in paying them, and we hope all on whom they may call, will make a competent to settle with them.

Mr. HENRY M. LEWIS, of Montgomery, Alabama, is our general travelling agent for Alabama, and Tennessee, assisted by D. R. Goodwin, James O. Lewis and Samuel D. Lewis.

Mr. ISRAEL E. JAMES, No. 182 South Tenth Street, Philadelphia, is our general Travelling Agent, assisted by William H. Weld, John Collins, James Deering, A. Kirk Wellington, E. A. Evans, John T. Jenkins, P. Locke, Jos. Button, Geo. P. Button, and Thos. D. Nice.

WILLIAM A. PIERCE is our only Collector of Bills in Pennsylvania.

E. B. SIMONTON will receive new subscriptions in Maine.

A. PEASE collects for us in the New England States.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST MAY be obtained weekly at the Periodical Depots Of DEXTER & BROTHER, 43 Ann St., New York
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Subscriptions will be received at either of the above mentioned Depots. But the proprietors of the Post hold themselves responsible only for money received directly by themselves, or through their authorized travelling agents.

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IMPORTANT TO TEACHERS, SUPERINTENDENTS, School Committees, Heads of Families. Just published—

FAMILIAR SCIENCE;

Or, The Scientific Explanation of Common Things. Edited by R. E. Peterson, member of the Academy of Natural Sciences in Philada. This work is one of the most valuable aids to instruction ever published.

From Professor W. H. Allen, President of the Girard College for Orphans, Philadelphia.

GIRARD COLLEGE, May 6, 1851.

ROBERT E. PETERSON.—Dear Sir,—I beg leave to tender my thanks for your courtesy in sending me a copy of "Familiar Science." ... [illegible] ... I remain truly yours, &c. WM. H. ALLEN.

It is also recommended by Prof. James C. Booth, A. M., ... [illegible]

Published and for sale by ROBERT E. PETERSON, corner of Fifth and Arch Streets, Philadelphia. And for sale by H. W. Derby & Co. Cincinnati; Clark, Austin & Smith, New York; J. P. Jewett & Co., Boston; ... [illegible] ... and by booksellers generally throughout the Union.

CUBAN REVOLUTION. AMONGST the Patriots will doubtless be found many of the Patriotic Tailors of these U. S., and as nearly all of those South and West are subscribers to Mahan's System and Reports of Fashions, he would be obliged to the P. M. to notify him of any of his subscribers having gone on the expedition. His Fall publication is now ready to mail to his regular subscribers. The System contains a large variety of drafts, many of which are entirely new to the trade. The Plate contains twenty-two figures, two of which represent portraits true to life of the Hon. Daniel Webster and Gen. Foote, of Miss., a lady figure dressed in the Bloomer Costume decorates the Plate. All who have seen it pronounce it the most superior and finest finished Fashion Plate ever issued in this country.

Terms.—System $5 per year, to those who pay in advance the uncolored Plates are sent. System and Colored Plates are $6 per year, or $7 when paid in advance. Persons subscribing to the Colored Plates only are charged $3 per year, or $2 per single Plate, with pattern sheet and pamphlet accompanying the Plates.

F. MAHAN,
211 Chesnut Street, Philadelphia.

Editors copying this advertisement, and send us a copy of the paper containing it, we will send them a colored Plate of Fashions.

PHILADA., Aug. 25th, 1851.

MR. F. MAHAN:—Dear Sir,—I have just returned from the World's Fair, in London, at which place I have spent several weeks, exhibiting my Self-Acting Rocking Chairs. I have obtained a sufficient number of orders from the English Nobility and Gentry, to satisfy my most sanguine expectations. Allow me to congratulate you on the success attending the exhibition of your Plate of Fashions, it being close to my stand, surrounded by American Daguerreotypes, and let me assure you it created no small excitement amongst the London Tailors, and, in fact, to the Nobility, it was very attractive. It drew forth the praise of all, and will undoubtedly bear off the palm as a superior work of art, tastefully arranged, and superbly finished.

Respectfully yours,
WILLIAM RAGAN,
No 17 S. Seventh street.

PHILADELPHIA COLLEGE OF MEDICINE.
Fifth Street, a few doors South of Walnut.

THE Tenth Course of Lectures will be commenced on Monday, 13th of October, 1851, at 3 o'clock, P. M. The General Introductory will be given by Prof F. A. Pickardt, M. D. Degrees will be conferred about the 1st of March, 1852.

HON. JESSE R. BURDEN, M. D., President.

FACULTY.

JAMES McCLINTOCK, M. D., Principles and Practice of Surgery.
RUSH VAN DYKE, M. D., Materia Medica and General Therapeutics.
THOMAS D. MITCHELL, M. D., Theory and Practice of Medicine.
JAMES BRYAN, M. D., Institutes of Medicine and Medical Jurisprudence.
EZRA S. CARR, M. D., Medical Chemistry.
JAMES McCLINTOCK, M. D., General, Special, and Surgical Anatomy.
FREDERICK A. PICKARDT, M. D., Obstetrics and Diseases of Women and Children.
GEORGE HEWSTON, M. D., Demonstrator of Anatomy.

Fee for a full Course, $64. Matriculation fee, only once paid, $5; Graduation, $30. Fee for those who have attended two full Courses in other Colleges, $45. Dissecting ticket, $10; Perpetual ticket, $150. The fee for the respective tickets may be paid to each member of the Faculty, or the whole amount may be paid to the Dean, who will issue a certificate which will entitle the student to the ticket of each Professor.

The Spring Course for 1852 will be commenced on March 8, 1852. Degrees will be conferred about the 10th of July, 1852. The fees and arrangements are the same as for the Winter Session.

For further information inquire of
JAMES McCLINTOCK, M. D., Dean.
Philadelphia, August 8, 1851. aug23 4t

TRUNKS! TRUNKS! TRUNKS!—The subscriber respectfully informs his friends and the public generally, that he is now prepared to furnish every variety of Trunk, Valise and Carpet Bags, as low as can be purchased of any other manufacturer in the city. The attention of merchants and others is solicited to the beautiful assortment now on hand, at his own manufacture, which cannot be surpassed for neatness, durability and workmanship by any other establishment, and which received the premium at the last exhibition of the Franklin Institute.

All work done at this establishment warranted to give entire satisfaction. A share of patronage is solicited.

SAMUEL W. KENNEDY,
jal4-3m 60 N. Third st., above Arch, west side.

HARDWARE AND CUTLERY.
MOORE, HENSZEY & Co.,
No. 139 MARKET STREET, PHILADELPHIA,
ARE now opening an extensive assortment of HARDWARE, CUTLERY, GUNS, &c., which they will dispose of at a very low figure, and guarantee freights and insurance as low a rate as from any of the Eastern cities. Country merchants will consult their interest by giving us a call. jel8 3m

CHEAP WATCHES, JEWELRY, &C.

The subscriber would beg leave to call the attention of the public to a large and fresh supply of Gold and Silver Watches, Jewelry, &c., just received at the old stand, No. 13 North Sixth Street, which he will sell at prices to compete with any establishment in the United States.

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Gold Lever Watches, full jeweled, 18 carat cases $30 and upwards.
Gold Lepine Watches, jeweled, do. do. $24 and upwards.
Silver Lever Watches, $12 and upwards.
Silver Lepine Watches, $9 and upwards.
And others at lower prices than the above.

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Gold Chains of every pattern and price, Medalions double and single Glasses suitable for miniatures and Daguerreotypes.
Necklaces, Bracelets, Breast Pins, Ear and Finger Rings of every description and price.
Premium Diamond Pointed Gold Pens, with Gold and Silver cases, Gold and Silver Pencils, &c.
Also, Silver Tea, Desert and Table Spoons, Butter Knives, &c., equal to coin, and German Silver Tea, Desert and Table Spoons, &c., &c., all at the lowest prices.

Orders from the country, accompanied with the money, promptly attended to.

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EXCHANGE BANKERS,
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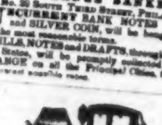
UNCURRENT BANK NOTES and GOLD and SILVER COIN, will be bought and sold on the most reasonable terms.
BILLS, NOTES and DRAFTS, throughout the United States, will be promptly collected; and EXCHANGE on all the Principal Cities, furnished at the lowest possible rates.



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S. E. CORNER OF SIXTH AND BROWN STREETS,
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WHERE CARRIAGES of every description are built to order and for sale, which for Style, Durability and elegance of Finish cannot be surpassed by any in the country. Workmen of celebrity are engaged and the very best materials used.
Southern and Western Merchants will find it to their advantage to call at the establishment, as the proprietor is a Practical Coach Maker, and having worked in the best shops in this and in other countries, flatters himself that the tastes of all persons can be suited, and work executed under his immediate inspection. Orders from any part of the country promptly attended to.
N. B.—Omnibuses run from the Exchange past the factory every few minutes.
WM. D. ROGERS.

DR. D. JAYNE'S ALTERATIVE.
THIS VALUABLE PREPARATION combines all the medicinal virtues of those articles which long experience has proved to possess the most safe and efficient alterative and deobstruent properties for the cure of SCROFULA, KING'S EVIL, WHITE SWELLINGS, ULCERS, SCROFULOUS, CANCEROUS AND INDOLENT TUMORS, MERCURIAL AND SYPHILITIC AFFECTIONS, GOITRE or BRONCHOCELE, (swelled neck,) Enlargement and ULCERATIONS of the Bones, Joints, Glands, or Ligaments, or of the Ovaries, Uterus, Liver, Spleen, Kidneys, &c. All the various Diseases of the Skin, such as TETTER or SALT RHEUM, RINGWORM, BOILS, PIMPLES, CARBUNCLES, SORE EYES, &c., DYSPEPSIA AND LIVER COMPLAINTS, NERVOUS AFFECTIONS, DROPSY AND DROPSICAL SWELLINGS, CONSTITUTIONAL DISORDERS, and Diseases originating from a depraved or IMPERFECT STATE OF THE BLOOD, or other fluids of the body. All diseases of a mixed or complicated character. Also, many affections PECULIAR TO FEMALES, as Suppression, Irregularity, Leucorrhea or Whites, Sterility, Ovarian and Uterine Dropsy, &c., &c.

BRONCHOCELE or GOITRE. (Swelled Neck.) In hundreds of cases of GOITRE, in which this ALTERATIVE has been faithfully and perseveringly used, it has never failed, in a single instance, to completely remove the disease. Not a solitary case of failure. All were cured who continued its use according to the directions. ... [illegible]

CANCER AND CANCEROUS AND SCIRRHUS-TUMORS.
For these affections this ALTERATIVE is the only medicine that has ever been known, on which the smallest reliance could be placed. ... [illegible]

CHOREA—ST. VITUS' OR ST. ANTHONY'S DANCE.
A large number of well authenticated and hopeless cases of this disease have been cured by the use of this valuable Alterative.

COMPLICATED AND MIXED DISEASES.
Cases frequently occur in which the patient appears to be laboring under several diseases at one and the same time, causing much anxiety and embarrassment in the treatment. This Alterative has frequently been used in such cases with very beneficial results.

DISEASES OF THE HEART.
This ALTERATIVE used in conjunction with the SANATIVE PILLS, has proved of immense value to many affections of the HEART, as Enlargement, ... [illegible]

DROPSICAL SWELLINGS.
This medicine is considered by many physicians who have used it as a SPECIFIC in DROPSY. It increases the power of Digestion, excites the absorbents into healthy exercise, by which the WATERY OR CALCAREOUS DEPOSITIONS and all unnatural enlargements are reduced. ... [illegible]

DYSPEPSIA AND LIVER COMPLAINT.
It has been used in conjunction with the SANATIVE PILLS in numerous cases of LIVER COMPLAINT AND DYSPEPSIA, and with the happiest effect.

ENLARGEMENT OF THE BONES, JOINTS, RHEUMATISM, &c.
... [illegible] ... See Catalogue of Diseases in Medical Almanac.

ENLARGEMENT OF THE ABDOMEN.
A lady from Pittsburg was put under my care and treatment for an Enlargement of the Abdomen, which had been constantly increasing for upwards of two years. ... [illegible] ... was restored to perfect health in about five months.

ENLARGEMENT OF THE OVARIES.
A lady of Chester county, Pa. who had long been severely afflicted with an immense Enlargement of the Ovaries, which appeared to fill the entire cavity of the Abdomen, was entirely cured by using the ALTERATIVE, according to the directions, for between five and six months.

EPILEPTIC FITS.
By a persevering use of this ALTERATIVE, a large majority of cases of this dreadful disease have been cured.

FUNGUS HÆMATODES.
Several cases of this horrible disease have been cured by the use of this ALTERATIVE. See the case of John Lukens in the Medical Almanac.

GOUT.—A number of cases of GOUT have been cured by this preparation.

ULCERS of all kind, whether they be SCROFULOUS, CANCEROUS, SCORBUTIC, or accidental, or whether of the flesh, skin, mucous membrane or bones, yield to the penetrating and healing influences of this ALTERATIVE.

MANIA FROM MELANCHOLY
May arise from many causes, but none more frequently than from diseases of the Uterus, the Liver, or of the Digestive Organs. The ALTERATIVE is an invaluable remedy in such cases.

ERYSIPELAS, ST. ANTHONY'S FIRE, OR ROSE.
Innumerable certificates have been received of its curing the most inveterate and malignant cases of both Acute and Chronic Erysipelas.

MERCURIAL AND SYPHILITIC AFFECTIONS
Are removed by this preparation, after all other remedies have failed in giving the smallest relief.

MILK, OR WHITE LEG.
This disease is described by writers under the name of "Phlegmasia Dolens." It is an exceedingly painful inflammation and swelling of one or more of the lower extremities, attended with more or less fever, to attacks of which ladies are liable immediately after their confinement, and, if not subdued at the onset, is apt to render them cripples for life. This ALTERATIVE has never failed in a single instance to subdue this painful affection.

MUCOUS MEMBRANE, INFLAMMATION OF.
Chronic inflammation of the Mucous Membrane is of frequent occurrence, and is generally very tedious in its cure. It attacks the lining of the nose, ears, throat, windpipe, and other mucous surfaces, and is generally attended with a discharge, more or less offensive.
For this disease the ALTERATIVE is the only remedy on which any reliance can be placed.

NEURALGIA OR TIC DOLOREUX.
It has been used in many cases of Neuralgia or Tic Doloreux, and always with success.

RHEUMATISM.
This preparation has been prescribed in a great many cases of Chronic Rheumatism, and in every case where it was used until the system became affected by the medicine, the disease was removed. Indeed, it seldom fails of completely subduing this disease.

SCALD HEAD. (TINEA CAPITAS.)
When used in conjunction with the external application of the HAIR TONIC, this ALTERATIVE is a never failing remedy for SCALD HEAD. See MEDICAL ALMANAC for proofs.

SCROFULA, KING'S EVIL, &c.
Scrofula in all its multiplied forms, whether in that of King's Evil, Enlargement of the Glands, or Bones, Goitre, WHITE SWELLINGS, Chronic Rheumatism, Cancer, Diseases of the Skin, or Spine, or of Pulmonary Consumption, emanates from one and the same cause, which is a poisonous principle, or virus, inherent in the human system. Therefore, unless this principle be destroyed, no radical cure can be effected; but is the principle upon which the disease depends is removed, a cure must of necessity follow, no matter under what form the disease should manifest itself. This ALTERATIVE is almost always successful in removing these diseases, because which, it destroys the virus, or poisonous principle from which those diseases have their origin, by entering into the circulation, and with the blood is conveyed to the minutest fibres; removing every particle of disease from the system.

SKIN DISEASES.
It has been prescribed in a great variety of Cutaneous Affections, and found successful in curing Salt Rheum, Tetter, Boils, Blotches, Pimples, Scald Head, Erysipelas, Morphew and Jaundiced Skin. Also in Diseases and Discharges from the Lining Membrane of the Throat, Nose, and Ears, and from the Kidneys and Urinary Passages, Leucorrhea, &c.

ULCERATION OF THE BONES.
This ALTERATIVE has far surpassed the expectations of the most ardent and sanguine, in its healing influence over ulcers of all kinds, particularly in ulceration and exfoliation of the bones, &c. ... [illegible]

WEAKNESS OF THE EYES.
In cases of weakness of the eyes, from want of power in the Optic Nerves, this ALTERATIVE has been found of immense value, as indeed it is in all cases of Nervous Debility. ... [illegible]

FEMALE DISEASES.
In many affections peculiar to females, especially when arriving at maturity, or in the "decline of life," this ALTERATIVE is unsurpassed by any other remedy, ... [illegible]

In fact, in every case where the medicine has been taken for some time, no matter for what purpose, the general health of the patient has always been improved by it.

Prepared only by Dr. D. JAYNE, No. 84 Chesnut Street, Philadelphia, where may be had JAYNE'S MEDICAL ALMANAC AND GUIDE TO HEALTH, together with all his other "Family Medicines." aug2-3m

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CHESNUT STREET, SECOND DOOR ABOVE THIRD.
This Establishment is Celebrated for the Elegant Cut, Fineness of Quality, and very Low Prices of
GENTLEMEN'S CLOTHING.
$200,000 WORTH, OF THE NEWEST STYLES.

COATS,			$6 00 to $16
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ROSEWOOD DRAWING-ROOM FURNITURE,
NEW STYLE
FAVORITE DESIGNS NOW IN VOGUE IN
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PLAIN FURNITURE,
WALNUT, MAHOGANY, OAK, AND OTHER WOODS.
The largest Stock of well made Furniture in the Country. All constructed of Seasoned materials and made by the best workmen.
CURTAINS,
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BOUDOIR PIANOS,
AT REDUCED PRICES.
GEORGE J. HENKELS,
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TO DEALERS IN DRY GOODS.
The subscribers are largely engaged in the Importing and Jobbing of
CLOTHS, CASSIMERES, VESTINGS,
PANTALOON STUFFS OF ALL KINDS,
Overcoat Stuffs, Cloakings, Serges, Linings, Velvets, and every variety of
GOODS FOR MEN'S, YOUTH'S, AND CHILDREN'S WEAR.
TOGETHER WITH EVERY DESCRIPTION OF
TAILORS' AND CLOTHIERS' TRIMMINGS.
Our facilities at home, and extended correspondence in Europe, putting us in possession of the Novelties as they are produced by the Manufacturers; all which is offered at
THE LOWEST PRICES.
LOVE, SMITH & SHILLINGFORD,
No. 147 Market Street, Phila.

SCARPA'S COMPOUND ACOUSTIC OIL for the cure of Deafness, Pains, and the discharge of matter from the Ears. Also, all those disagreeable noises, like the buzzing of insects, falling of water, whizzing of steam, &c., &c., which are symptoms of approaching Deafness, ... [illegible]

Read the following from the Philadelphia Public Ledger:—

HAVE YOU EVER TRIED IT?—If not, do not delay another day, ... [illegible] ... Scarpa's Oil for Deafness ... [illegible]

SP ALSO, DOCTOR JACKSON'S PILE AND TETTER EMBROCATION.—This may be considered a specific, and is warranted to cure. ... [illegible]

WATCHES AND JEWELRY.

The subscriber would invite the special attention of the public to his extensive assortment of goods in the above line, which he is prepared to sell at lower rates than heretofore offered. The stock is varied and handsome. Consisting in part of

WATCHES.

Gold Lever Watches, full jewelled, Hunting Cases, 18 carats, heavy and good, from $40 to 150
" " 18 carat cases, from 30 to 125
Silver " 15 to 50
Lepine " 18 to 30
And others at lower rates than the above. 10 to 15

JEWELRY.

Gold Chains of every pattern and variety. Medalions, double and single glasses, a very handsome article suitable for Daguerreotypes. Necklaces, Bracelets, Fine and Rings, Cameos, Topaz, &c. Breast Pins of single and cluster stones, Rings of every variety and price. Ear-Rings &c.

SILVER WARE.

This article especial care is taken to have the silver fine, and nothing is used for melting but half dollars, and the public may feel assured that they can get no better article nor at a lower price. Silver Tea Setts made to order. Table, Desert and Teaspoons of all prices according to weight. Table, Desert and Tea Forks. Butter Knives, Sugar Tongs, Sugar Scoops, Fish Knives, &c. Soup and Oyster Ladles, &c., &c.

PLATED WARE.

A very superior article of plated Forks, Table and Desert and Table and Teaspoons, Cake Baskets, Castors, Candlesticks, &c.

BRITTANIA WARE.

Beautiful Pattern Tea Setts at low prices. Also, Urns and Water Kettles, Castor and Bottles, very handsome, &c., all of which will be warranted to be what they are represented, and at the very lowest rates, as the subscriber is determined not to be undersold by any house in the country.

S. M. HOPPER,
No. 86 Chesnut Street, between Second and Third, (south side,) Phila.
my 3-1y

HOE'S CAST STEEL CIRCULAR AND LONG SAWS.
THE SUBSCRIBERS manufacture from the best cast steel, CIRCULAR SAWS, from two to five feet diameter. These Saws are carefully hardened and tempered, and are ground and finished by machinery designed expressly for the purpose, and are therefore much superior in truth and uniformity of surface to those ground in the usual manner. They require less set, lose power to drive them, and are not so liable to become heated, and produce a saving in timber.

They also manufacture Cast Steel MILL, PITT and CROSS CUT SAWS and BILLET WEBS, of superior quality, all of which they have for sale at their ware rooms, Nos. 29 and 31 Gold street, or they may be obtained of the principal hardware merchants in the United States.

R. HOE & CO.,
Printing Press, Machine and Saw Makers,
29 and 31 Gold street, N. York.

The following extract is from a report made by a committee of scientific and practical gentlemen, appointed by the American Institute:

"Your committee are of unanimous opinion, that in the apparatus invented by Mr. R. M. Hoe, for grinding saws, he has displayed great ingenuity and tact in the adaptation of machinery to the production of results in the manufacture of Saws, which may with propriety be denominated the *ne plus ultra* of the art."

Publishers of Newspapers who will insert this advertisement three times with this note, and forward us a paper containing the same, will be paid in printing materials, by purchasing four times the amount of their bill, for the advertisement. aug2 6m

BOOKS OF PERMANENT VALUE.
To Clergymen, Postmasters, Teachers of Sabbath Schools, Book Agents, Students and Heads of Families.
SEARS' AMERICAN
PICTORIAL BOOK ESTABLISHMENT,
REMOVED to 181 WILLIAM STREET, (near Spruce,) NEW YORK.
BOOK AGENTS WANTED.
The subscriber publishes a large number of most valuable Books, very popular, and of such a moral and religious influence that while good men may safely engage in their circulation they will confer a public benefit, and receive a *fair compensation* for their labor.

To young men of enterprise and tact, this business offers an opportunity for profitable employment seldom to be met with. There is not a town in the Union where a right honest and well disposed person can fail selling from 50 to 200 volumes, according to the population.

They are too numerous to be described in this advertisement. Persons wishing to engage in the sale of them, will receive promptly by mail a circular containing full descriptions, with the terms on which they will be furnished, by addressing the Publisher, post-paid.

ROBERT SEARS,
181 William street, New York.
jy12-2t

Persons sending out of New York, when visiting the city, are respectfully invited to call and examine our stock of BOOKS, and see the LOW PRICES at which they are sold. R. S.

NEW YORK WIRE RAILING WORKS.
WIRE RAILING, [SECURED BY LETTERS PATENT.] Enclosures for Public Grounds and Cemeteries, Fences for Cottages, Gardens, Farms, &c., Window Guards and Gratings for Stores, Dwellings, Lunatic Asylums, Prisons, &c. Columns and Cornice Work for Cottages and VERANDAHS.

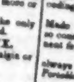
The above are made entirely of Wrought Iron and Wire, (at one half the cost of Cast Iron,) being extensively used in the City of New York, &c. Superseding all other kinds of work for the same purposes.

RAILROAD AND FARM FENCE,
Made with Wrought Iron or Wooden Posts, being so constructed as to be used for moveable or permanent fence, at 50c. to $3.00 per rod.

WIRE FOR FENCES
always on hand.
Portable Iron Bedsteads, Iron Statuary, Greyhounds, DOGS, LIONS, &c.
Wrought and Cast Iron Railings made to order.
By addressing the Manufacturer and Proprietor, Circulars and drawings of the above will be forwarded.

JOHN B. WICKERSHAM,
340 Broadway.
Works, 59 and 61 Lewis Street.
AGENTS—C. B. Conant & Co., 213 Pearl Street, New York.
New York, April 14 1851. je7-3m

CHEAP WATCHES AND JEWELRY.



On hand a large assortment and constantly receiving a fresh supply of Gold and Silver Watches, Jewelry and Silver Ware at No. 96 North Second Street, corner of Quarry, Philadelphia, at the following low prices:

Gold Lever Watches, full jewelled, 18 carat case, $30.00 and over.
Gold Lepine Watches, jewelled, 18 carat case, $24.00 and over.
Silver Lever Watches, full jewelled, $12.00 and over.
Silver Lepine Watches, jewelled, $9.00 and over.
Silver Quartier Watches, from $4.50 to 9.00 and over.
Diamond Pointed Gold Pens with silver case, $1.00 and over.
Silver Tea Spoons, equal to coin, per set, $5.00 and over.
" Desert Spoons, do. do. $10.00 and over.
" Table Spoons, do. do. $15.00 and over.
Watch Glasses, best quality, plain 12½ cents, patent 18¾, lunet 25 cents. Other articles in proportion. All goods warranted to be what they are sold for. On hand a large assortment of Gold and Silver Watches, fine Gold Jewelry and Silver Ware.

STAUFFER & HARLEY,
Successors to O. Conrad,
No. 96 North Second Street, corner of Quarry.
mar24-1y

MORSE'S COMPOUND SYRUP OF YELLOW DOCK ROOT.—We feel prompted by every principle of humanity, to make known to the world, the WONDERFUL EFFICACY OF THE EXTRAORDINARY PREPARATION. Thousands have been relieved of a great amount of suffering, and many lives saved by the use of it. It is acknowledged by the best judges of medicine, to be the most elegant scientific and salutary preparation now in use, and as a

DEPURATIVE REMEDY
seldom if ever equalled. It stands unrivalled for the cure of Erysipelas, Salt Rheum, Canker, Scrofula, and all the various diseases arising from an
IMPURE STATE OF THE BLOOD.
ALSO ALL
BILIOUS COMPLAINTS,
and is used with unprecedented success in all cases of FEMALE WEAKNESS AND GENERAL DEBILITY, Strengthening the weakened body, giving tone to the various organs, and invigorating the entire system, and also for the cure of the
LIVER COMPLAINT, CATARRH, DYSPEPSIA, HEADACHE, DIZZINESS, COUGHS, ETC.

Those affected with Chronic Diseases of whatever form, will find this medicine not only pleasant to the taste, but a certain cure, if it be within the power of remedial agents to affect their disease.

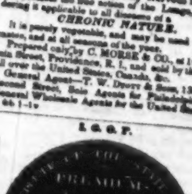
It is composed of medicines so happily combined, as to tend directly to give tone to the stomach and bowels, excite to healthy action the Liver and the whole Glandular System, allay Nervous Irritability, and promote the free action of the Lungs, thus rendering it applicable to all diseases of a
CHRONIC NATURE.

It is purely vegetable, and may be used in all climates, and at all seasons of the year.

Prepared only by C. MORSE & CO., at 162 Fountain Street, Providence, R. I., and sold by thousands all over the United States, Canada, &c.

General Agent—T. W. Dyott & Sons, 132 North Second Street, Sole Agents for Philadelphia, and General Wholesale Agents for the United States.
feb 1-1y

I. O. O. F.
MASONIC AND ODD-FELLOWS' REGALIA



PREMIUM
AWARDED TO
J. W. & E. D. STOKES

J. W. & E. D. STOKES,
Merchant Tailors and Wholesale Dealers in Clothing, Manufacturers of Regalia, Sashes, Costumes, &c., &c.,
No. 194 Market Street below Sixth Street,
would call the attention of those purchasing Regalia to their assortment, which is large, well selected and cheap; comprising a great variety of styles and quality adapted to every degree and position in the Order.
tus1-31y

Selected Poetry.

THE MOTHER'S HEART.

BY THE HON. MRS. NORTON.

When first thou camest, gentle, shy, and fond,
My eldest-born, first hope, and dearest treasure,
My heart received thee with a joy beyond
All that it yet had felt of earthly pleasure;
Nor thought that any love again might be
So deep and strong as that I felt for thee.

Faithful and true, with sense beyond thy years,
And natural piety that leaned to heaven;
Wrung by a harsh word suddenly to tears,
Yet patient of rebuke when justly given—
Obedient—easy to be reconciled—
And meekly cheerful—such wert thou, my child!

Not willing to be left; still by my side
Haunting my walks, while summer-day was dying;
Nor leaving in thy turn; but pleased to glide
Through the dark room where I was sadly lying,
Or by the couch of pain, a sitter meek,
Watch the dim eye and kiss the fevered cheek.

Oh, boy! of such as thou are oftenest made
Earth's fragile idols; like a tender flower,
No strength in all thy freshness—prone to fade—
And bending weakly to the thunder-shower;
Still, round the loved, thy heart found force to bind,
And cling, like woodbine, shaken in the wind.

Then thou, my merry love,—bold in thy glee,
Under the bough, or by the firelight dancing,
With thy sweet temper, and thy spirit free,—
Didst come, as restless as a bird's wing glancing,
Full of a wild and irrepressible mirth,
Like a young sunbeam to the gladdened earth.

Thine was the shout! the song! the burst of joy!
Which sweet from childhood's rosy lip resoundeth;
Thine was the eager spirit nought could cloy,
And the glad heart from which all grief reboundeth;
And many a mirthful jest and mock reply
Lurked in the laughter of thy dark blue eye.

And thine was many an art to win and bless,
The cold and stern to joy and fondness warming;
The coaxing smile; the frequent soft caress;
The earnest tearful prayer all wrath disarming!
Again my heart a new affection found,
But thought that love with thee had reached its bound.

At length thou camest; thou, the last and least;
Nicknamed "The Emperor" by thy laughing brothers,
Because a haughty spirit swelled thy breast,
And thou didst seek to rule and sway the others;
Mingling with every playful infant wile
A mimic majesty that made us smile:—

And, oh! most like a regal child wert thou!
An eye of resolute and successful scheming;
Fair shoulders—curling lip—and dauntless brow—
Fit for the World's strife, not for Poet's dreaming:
And proud the lifting of thy stately head,
And the firm bearing of thy conscious tread.

Different from both! Yet each succeeding claim,
I, that all other love had been forswearing,
Forthwith admitted, equal and the same;
Nor injured either, by this love's comparing,
Nor stole a fraction for the newer call—
But in the Mother's heart found room for ALL!

Selected Sketch.

A WORD ON PIANOFORTES.

FROM CHAMBERS'S EDINBURGH JOURNAL.

The pianoforte is the most popular musical instrument of the day. The facility with which a very respectable amount of skill in performing on it may be obtained, and its admirable adaptation for an accompaniment to the human voice, have combined to render it a general favorite. It is to be regretted, however, that much ignorance prevails with regard to the construction of a piece of mechanism now so generally to be met with in our domestic circles, and that so little caution or judgment is exercised in its selection, and so little care in the treatment of it. From what we observe in the houses of our friends or neighbors, or wherever we go to enjoy a musical treat, we see that information on the subject is almost universally wanting, and that a serious waste of money is continually occurring from heedless precipitancy in the purchase and subsequent neglect in the treatment of pianofortes. With the view of obviating these evils, in some degree, at least, the following few facts and suggestions are submitted to the consideration of all whom they may concern.

And first, as to the choice of an instrument for family use. There is no question that the grand piano, both in regard to durability and power, is at present the most perfect form of the instrument. Taking into consideration the actual cost of manufacture, it ought also to be relatively the cheapest, instead of being, as it is, the dearest instrument. The high price, with the absolutely enormous profits it includes, is only maintained through the limited demand—a demand which is never likely to become very general, owing to want of space in our dwellings for the convenient stowage of a mass pre-eminently unwieldy and unsightly, notwithstanding all the artistic talent that has been put in requisition for its ornamentation. The upright piano, under which term may be included all sizes, from the tall cabinet to the dwarf piccolo, is fast superseding both the grand and the square for family use; and in consequence of the increased demand, more improvements have been made in the manufacture of instruments of this description than in any others. But whatever description of instrument may be chosen, considerable caution is necessary, especially if economy is to be kept in view, in making the purchase. There are certain well-known names which have stood high in the profession for many years, and if the intending purchaser have not sufficient judgment of his own, and no friend upon whose judgment he can rely, he cannot do very wrong in purchasing of one of these long-established firms, with whom it may be said with some degree of truth, that a bad instrument is the exception, and not the rule. But in this case he will inevitably pay for his own satisfaction the price which the makers set upon their reputation, *plus* the value of the instrument.—But it is by no means the case that all the skill in the manufacture of pianofortes is monopolized by the great names. Admirable instruments are daily put forth by men of small repute, quite equal, in all imaginable respects, to those of the most renowned manufacturers, and which may be bought by those who have skill to select, at a fair and reasonable price, yet yielding a good profit to the makers.

As a general rule, a piano for family use should be one of the simplest construction. If it be constructed on sound mechanical principles, it ought to be strong enough to bear the tension of a good thick wire throughout, without the cumbrous addition of steel bars and plates of metal, and hollow copper tubes, such additions being, for the most part, nothing better than so many costly catch-pennies, which serve the double purpose of enhancing the price of the article and cloaking the ignorance of the manufacturer, who is not unfrequently driven to have recourse to them from a deficiency in knowledge of the true principles of his art. For domestic use, a piano of moderately crisp touch is to be preferred—not one offering no resistance to the finger, by the use of which a slovenly and ineffective style of performance would be engendered, nor one, on the other hand, that demands a momentum of five or six pounds per key to elicit the full force of the note. The present practice of banging upon the key-board with a vigor which would astonish a pauper engaged in the comparatively easy occupation of breaking stones upon the road, has compelled the manufacturers to protect the reputation of their instruments by mechanically diminishing, by the operation of various contrivances, the momentum of the hammer which strikes the string. A "brilliant finger" is no longer the desideratum with a performer it once was; the united force of arms and shoulders is brought into play; the rigidly distended digits are displayed aloft, and dashed down upon the keys with a savage furor altogether out of keeping with the sentiment of music and song; and all the while the enthusiastic performer imagines that, by the display of such action, and the cost of so much perspiration, he is eliciting the fine qualities of his instrument, and never dreaming that his superfluous labor is wasted in overcoming the resistance of so much lead or leverage, which the manufacturer has erected as a barrier to his destructive propensities. How far this muscular system is to be carried, there is no saying, or whether it will be thought necessary by-and-bye for a young lady to go through a course of gymnastics as a previous qualification for the study of music, or a little preparatory exercise at a blacksmith's anvil. One thing is certain—the manufacturers have the best of the dodge, and can, if they like, adapt their pianos to the fisticuffs of an Amazon without the additional cost of a single sixpence.

With regard to the tone of the instrument to be selected for purchase, any written instruction would be of little service. To tone, in the proper sense of the term, the pianoforte, indeed, has no claim. In this respect, an experienced ear is the best guide; and the taste of the purchaser, who should be aware that loudness is not always the best quality, may influence the selection.

There is one thing yet to be said with regard [illegible] which, in spite of the black-lead used to guard against it, wears away the substance of the leather at the lower end of the "sticker," or conducting-rods, where, in upright instruments, these rest upon the "hopper;" and a sound, like the rattling of dry bones is very speedily the consequence, forming no very agreeable accompaniment to the performer whenever he or she sits down to play, though it may be inaudible to others at a distance. This uncomfortable sound is due to the shrinking and wearing away of the leather from friction, in consequence of which the communication is broken between the key and the hammer which strikes the strings—the hopper having to traverse the space lost through shrinking and wear, and striking the lower end of the conducting-rod with an audible blow. The baize, moreover, upon which the keys rest, also shrinks and hardens from the same causes, and thus it frequently happens that an instrument which is hardly used at all becomes unfit for use through the ignorance or negligence of the owner. Other injuries of a similar nature ensue from the same causes, which it is not necessary to mention here. It is true all this would occur in the course of years under the best management, and even with the best instruments; but in careless hands the inevitable deterioration will be accomplished in fewer months than it would in years of prudent care. The best place, then, for the piano in the parlor or drawing-room is somewhere away from the current of air that runs constantly from the door to the window. In a recess on either side of the fire-place, or against the wall fronting the windows, or in some position the least liable to atmospheric currents, is the best place, as well for the instrument as for the performer.

An instrument that will keep in tune, is, however, after all, the grand desideratum. This, in the present state of our knowledge on the subject, is unattainable; although an approach to something like it may be secured by the exercise of a little care and prudent expenditure in the outset. All who have paid any attention to the phenomena of strained steel wires know that there is a tendency in a wire which has long been strained to a certain pitch to remain at that pitch, and even to return to it, or towards it, if suddenly altered. Thus if you tune a wire sharper than it should be—say a quarter of a note, by way of experiment, and keep it up to that pitch for a fortnight, and then let it suddenly down the quarter of a note, it will again grow sharper in the course of twenty-four hours, as though striving to regain its lost note. Now here is a hint for the treatment of pianos, and one which the writer has followed repeatedly with advantage. It appears plain enough, from the principle here suggested, that if a piano were well and regularly tuned for the first year or two—say every month, or oftener, for the first year and a half—it would acquire a tendency to remain in tune, and behave better in that respect ever afterwards than if no such care were taken. This may appear somewhat fanciful, but it has been shown by experience to be true. Of course this treatment would not prevent an instrument from being affected by sudden variations of temperature, though it would in a considerable degree modify the effects of such variations. Among professional tuners of pianofortes, the man who gets through his work correctly in the shortest time, is generally to be preferred. An instrument which is long under the operation of tuning, is not the likeliest to remain long in tune. The best tuners tune "hard," as it is technically called—that is, with a smart stroke upon every key, and drawing the wire at once up to the required pitch, making little alteration afterwards. It would be well if Lord Stanhope's principle of tuning were generally followed, by which the "wolf" is equally distributed throughout the scale. The result is extremely agreeable and pleasant to the ear, though the effect of some music is very much altered by it—the distinguishing characteristics of the several sharp and flat keys being thereby in a great measure done away. It is not usual, however, to meet with a tuner who will trouble himself with Lord Stanhope's plan, and still less so to find one who succeeds in the attempt, if induced to make it.

It is greatly to be regretted that pianos are as yet far too expensive for general use among the humbler classes. With the present mode of manufacture there seems no immediate prospect of improvement in this particular. As yet every part of the mechanism, as well as the exterior fabric, is made by hand, and then put together by finishers, who work for high wages, and spend an immense amount of time, pretty much at their own discretion, in chipping, shaving, adjusting, and regulating, to apparently very little purpose—the major part of which tedious and expensive ceremony might be abolished, at least in the production of instruments for popular use by the adoption of a simple uniform plan of construction, carried out with the precision which the use of machinery in the fabrication of the different parts would ensure. But the magic power of machinery has never yet been brought to bear upon this department of manufacture; and the wonder is, seeing that large and princely fortunes are annually made through the great and increasing demand for these instruments, that such is the case. There seems no reason why a pianoforte should not be as cheap as a clock.—The mechanism of the one ought not to be more expensive than that of the other; and the adjustment and regulation of both are perhaps of about equal difficulty. The great cause of the difference in the cost of the two is doubtless that while the clock is made very much by the means of machinery, the piano is entirely the produce of manual labor.

CURIOSITY OF CHILDREN.—The curiosity of the child is the philosophy of the man, or at least, to abate this sweeping generality, the one very frequently grows into the other. The former is a sort of balloon, a little thing, to be sure, but a critical one nevertheless, and pretty surely indicative to the heights, as well as the direction, to be taken by the more fully expanded mind.—Point out to me a boy of original, or what would generally be called eccentric habits, fond of rambling about, a hunter of the wood-side and river-bank; prone to collect what he can search out, and then on his return to shut himself up in his room, and make experiments upon his gatherings,—to inquire into the natural history of each according to its kind—point such an one out to me, and I should have no difficulty in prophesying him, without the aid of phrenology, to be far better and happier augury than his fellow, who does but pore over his books, never dreaming that there can be any knowledge beyond them. Of such stuff as this were all our philosophical geniuses, from Newton to Davy, and so from the nature of things, they must generally be. And no wonder. The spirit that is powerful enough to choose, ay, and to take its own course, instead of resigning itself to the tide, must be a very powerful spirit indeed—a spirit of right excellent promise.

Wit and Humor.

FROG CATCHING.

[illegible]

"[illegible] I would not mind taking a few thousands put up in barrels, if you could supply me."

"Frogs! Mr. Sutton, what do you want with frogs?"

"Why, sir, I have a correspondent down at Baton Rouge, who has left a standing order with me for ten barrels, and I can't find any place where I can get it filled. I would make it worth any man's while to contract with me for the article."

"Well, now, Mr. Sutton, I vow to goodness, there's millions in our neighborhood—but you are quizzing me, I am sure."

"Upon my honor," replied Mr. Sutton, "I am perfectly serious. I will take ten or five barrels, or even two, and give fifty dollars a barrel to any gentleman who would contract with me."

Oriatt's eyes sparkled at the proposal.

"Well, Mr. Sutton, if you say so, I will put you up ten barrels—perhaps your friend may want more—and I hope you will give me the preference, if so. But you are not hoaxing me, Mr. Sutton, I hope?"

"My dear sir," said Mr. Sutton, "rest assured that I have long been at a loss to get the order filled, and am perfectly serious. But observe, my dear sir, that the hind legs are all that are wanted—don't forget that."

Mr. Wakendorf—his book-keeper—was directed on the spot to draw the memorandum in contract form, and Oriatt, folding it away carefully in his pocket-book, and doubtless calculating deeply on making a brilliant speculation out of us, as he seized the reins and sprang to the seat of his Yankee wagon, said,

"Don't forget, if your friend should want twenty barrels, to let me know in time."

We heard nothing from Oriatt for months, and by the time he made his re-appearance in Pittsburg, Sutton had some new subject on the carpet, and lost sight of the frogs. Not so with me. I anticipated something amusing, being well aware, as was Sutton, in making the contract, that by the time the frogs would be caught, the millions would shrink into hundreds. I was silent, however, until Oriatt's purchases had been made, his produce credited, the account adjusted, and himself ready to start. I then remarked—

"One thing is forgotten. Do you recollect our contract, Mr. Sutton, for the Baton Rouge house, for frogs?"

"I do declare!" said Sutton, "I had almost forgot. What about it, Mr. Oriatt? Are they ready?"

The contractor looked as if he could have crept through an auger hole. He began to whimper like a school-boy expecting a whipping.

"I hope, Mr. Sutton, you will let me off on that contract. I declare to goodness, I had forty boys out for six weeks, sir, day and night, and I never got more frogs than filled a barrel six inches deep, and had to give it up at last."

"My dear sir," said Sutton, "you have no idea of the disappointment. We never got a letter from those Frenchmen, that they do not remind us of the frogs. They say, 'the price is no object, only get the frogs.' Besides, I told them you could send them twenty barrels. My dear sir, if you can't make out on fifty dollars, I will give you a hundred dollars a barrel; so don't think of giving up. Put on more boys, and give them better wages. Mr. Cist, calculate for our friend Oriatt what he can afford to give a dozen, supposing he pays twenty dollars a barrel."

"It's of no use, Mr. Sutton," replied Oriatt, with a most rueful expression of face, and a deep sigh, "I know it ain't. It takes a power of hind legs to fill a barrel. In short, the frogs must have disappeared, for they can't be found; and unless you have a mind to ruin my family"—bursting into tears—"you will let me off. If you do," said he, a thought suddenly striking him, "Mr. Sutton, I'll bring you as fine a cheese as ever came out of the Reserve."

"My dear sir," said Sutton, entirely overcome by the scene, "I wish to take advantage of no man. I see you have done your best, and my friends Menager & Co., must do without the frogs. I will explain the circumstances to them, and I hope they will be satisfied. If not, I will bear the consequences myself. As to the cheese, never mind it. We'll have a glass of beer, to reconcile all things. Here, Dick," said he, calling his man-of-all-work, "go to Mr. Noel's, and get a gallon of beer—of Shiras's best."

The beer was brought, drank with great gusto, and Oriatt, smiling through his tears at his lucky escape, drove off—doubtless vowing, internally, to be more careful with his next contract.

The moral of all this is, first, never sell any thing till you have first bought it, or know to a certainty that you can buy it to advantage. Secondly, never trust your ears any more than your eyes, implicitly, but determine quantities by actual count.—*Cist's Advertiser.*

A COOL OPERATION.—"Hello, there, capting!" said a Brother Jonathan, to the captain of a canal packet on the Erie Canal, "what do you charge for a passage?"

"Three cents per mile, and boarded," said the captain.

"Well, guess I'll take a passage, capting, seein' as how I'm kinder gin eout walking so far."

Accordingly he got on board just as the steward was ringing the bell for dinner. Jonathan sat down and began to demolish the "fixins" to the utter consternation of the captain, until he had cleared the table of all that was eatable, when he got up and went on deck, picking his teeth very comfortably.

"How far is it, capting, from here to where I came on board?"

"Nearly one and a half miles," said the captain.

"Let's see," said Jonathan, "that would be just four and a half cents; but never mind, capting, I won't be small; here's five cents, which pays my fare to here. I guess I'll go ashore now; I'm kinder rested eout."

The captain vamosed for the cabin, and Jonathan went ashore. The captain did not take any more "way passengers" the remainder of the summer.

MIGHTY CUTE.—Two cotton wagons meeting on the road to Augusta, Georgia, the following dialogue took place between the drivers:

"What's *cotton* in Augusta?" says the one with a load.

"*Cotton*," says the other.

The inquirer, supposing himself not to be understood, repeats,

"What's *cotton* in Augusta?"

"It's *cotton*," says the other.

"I know that," says the first, "but what is it?"

"Why," says the other, "I tell you it is *cotton*! *Cotton* is *cotton* in Augusta, and every where else that ever I heard of."

"I know that as well as you," says the first. "But what does *cotton* bring in Augusta?"

"Why it brings nothing there, but every body brings *cotton*."

"Look here," says the first wagoner, with an oath, "you had better leave the State; for I'll be whipped if you don't know too much for Georgia."

COUNT PULASKI.

AN INCIDENT OF THE REVOLUTION.

On the night of the Battle of Brandywine, I was sent with a message from Gen. Greene to Count Pulaski, a noble Polander, who held a prominent post in our Revolution. He was quartered in a [illegible] farm-house, near the [illegible] ford. After our business was finished, the Count called for [illegible] to bring some refreshments, and at the same time he called out—

"Mary, my love, Mary!"

In an instant a rosy-cheeked girl entered, her face beaming with joy, it would seem, at the very sound of Pulaski's voice.

"Did you call me, Count?" said she, very timidly.

"How often have I told you, little love," he said, tapping his hand upon her cheek, "not to call me Count; call me your dear Pulaski. This is a Republic, my little Rosebud. We have no Counts, you know."

"But you are a Count, sir, when at home, and they say you came a long way over the ocean to fight for us."

"Yes, yes, Mary, very true, I did come a long way, but [illegible]. Now can you get for the [illegible] and myself a little refreshment? He has a long way to ride to-night."

"Certainly, sir," and she went out of the room like a fairy.

"A fine, pleasant girl," said Pulaski—"Would that I had the wealth that I once had, I would give her a portion that would make half the youths hereabouts [illegible] her sweet face."

The girl soon returned, with part of a fine, baked ham, some delicious fresh rye bread and butter, pickles, and a few little [illegible] that I relished exceedingly.

On the morning of the 11th of September, 1777, the British army advanced in full force to Chadd's Ford, for the purpose of crossing Brandywine Creek, and bring on an action with Washington. Sir William Howe drove Maxwell's division across the creek by ten o'clock, at one of the lower fords.

The Hessian General, Knyphausen, with a large force advancing up the side of the creek, and uniting with Lord Cornwallis, who commanded the left wing of the army, crossed at the upper forks of the river and creek.

It so happened that during the raging of the battle, in carrying orders, I passed immediately in the direction of Pulaski's quarters, that I had visited the night before. Situated as the house was, in the midst of the battle, curiosity induced me to ride up. Suddenly a sheet of flame burst forth. The house was on fire. Near the door-step lay the body of Mary, her head cut open by a sabre, and her brains oozing out from the terrible wound! I had not been there more than half a minute when Pulaski, at the head of a troop of cavalry, galloped rapidly to the house. Never shall I forget the expression of his face, as he shouted like a demon on seeing the inanimate form—

"Who did this?"

A little boy, that I had not before noticed, who was lying amid the grass, his leg dreadfully mangled, said,

"There they go!"

He pointed to a company of Hessians, or Anspach grenadiers, then some distance off.

"Right wheel, men—charge!"

And they did charge; I do not think one man of that Hessian corps ever left the field, except to be placed in the grave.

The last I saw of Pulaski on the battle-ground of Brandywine, he was bearing in his arms the lifeless form of poor Mary.

Selected Articles.

OFFICE-SEEKING.

[The Washington "*National Intelligencer*" vouches for the correctness of the following picture of the life of an office-seeker in Washington. It was published originally in the "Natchez Courier."]

If you were ever in Washington not long after the commencement of an Administration, you will not forget the armies of office-hunters that thronged the avenues, crowded the lobbies, swarmed the ante-rooms of the Secretaries of the Departments, and literally besieged the President in his own castle, the White House.

The scenes in the vestibules and ante-rooms of the Secretaries in these office-seeking times, are very rich and very humiliating. For instance, Mr. John Smith, a man of fine feelings, and a respectable citizen in his own town, comes up to get, if he can, the appointment of a one thousand dollar post office. He is backed by "all his friends;" has letters from Colonel Bull, who once shook hands with the President, from Saul Sykes, Esq., who once rode in the stage with the President's mother; from Hon. Peter Purdey, who was once a Representative in Congress, and had been presented, with fifty others, to his Excellency in the East room at a levee, and reminds him of it in his letter; and perhaps a letter from Mrs. Brimble, an ex-Senator's lady, to the lady of the President.

Armed thus, Mr. John Smith deems himself irresistible. He expects to carry all before him. He alights from the cars in Washington, and looks round upon the crowd with a patronizing eye. He orders a hack with an emphasis. He commands a room at Gadsby's. He the next day walks among the big bugs as big a bug as they. He delivers his letters. He finds the President's lady is out, and gives it to the porter.—He has not been a week in Washington, at three dollars and a half a day at Gadsby's, before he learns the late lesson, that in Washington letters of introduction are "matters of course," and, like everything else which are "matters of course," are esteemed worthless.—Nobody reads or notices them. They prove nothing. Two words with an honorable Senator or honest Representative from the applicant's part of the country a President or Secretary thinks more of than a mail-bag of "letters of introduction." The man who goes without one is more likely to succeed than he who depends on them. I would sooner trust a man who carries his character in his face rather than in his pocket.

Mr. Smith having delivered his letters, and especially that to the President, goes at the reception hour to the White House to see him.—The President usually receives men on business from ten to one. During those three hours the office-seekers throng the hall and out-chamber to his room, each waiting his turn; for it is first come first served. Mr. John Smith having made his way to the landing, finds its filled with people, like a depot platform waiting for the train. Some of the men pace up and down rapidly at every turn, casting their eager glances at a shut door, outside of which stands a servant with his hands filled with cards; for each visitor as he came up handed his card, till the attendant holds a pile of fifty, laid in regular order. Mr. Smith has come late, he has delayed to be more than usually particular about his toilet, and his card made the fifty-first; that is, fifty men have got to have audience before *his* turn comes. But he is yet innocent of this fact; (but he learns it by heart by-and-by.) He now bows respectfully to the waiter, and asks him why he does not announce him by going in and telling the President he is waiting.

"The President is engaged," answers the man, rather shortly.

Before Mr. Smith can say more he is hustled away by seventeen gentlemen, each anxious to know when *his* own turn is coming. They hear, and go pacing up and down again. What a noise! Full one hundred boots tramping up and down in ceaseless footfalls. Men can't sit still waiting in suspense. They must keep in motion. Mr. Smith thinks he never saw so much walking. Hardly two gentlemen walked in pairs.—Every man seemed to pace up and down alone, and be shy of his neighbor. Doubtless all were strangers to each other, and felt that the presence of the rest interfered with their own success and prospects of audience. Mr. Smith thought they all wore a scowl and had a sheepish look. After waiting an hour, he begins to feel sheepish himself. He feels it is beneath his dignity to be dancing attendance this way—he, a free American! He has seen full a score admitted one by one. It is fast approaching one o'clock. He sees a man about to go in his turn, when three members of Congress appear, and the man is gently put back, and the members admitted.

"Why is this?" he fiercely demands.

"Members of Congress always take precedence of all who go in by card, sir," answered the attendant.

Mr. Smith sighs at this new obstacle. His fancy conceives a continual procession of M. C.'s calling on the President. Mr. Smith goes away at one o'clock, his card the thirty-fourth on the list.

"Come again to-morrow," says the patient attendant.

The next day he is at his post with four-score more. But it is a committee day, and the President is closeted with detailed committees from the Senate or House from ten to one. *Not a soul* is admitted by card! After three weeks, Mr. Smith sees the President, to be told "to leave his papers, and they will be examined." He waits three weeks more in the ante-room to get a second interview with the President, to ask him if he has "examined his papers." The President refers him to the proper Department, [illegible] thirty-three days [illegible] in the Secretary's ante-room before he can get audience of the great man. Five times his bill at Gadsby's has been made out and laid upon his dressing-table. At length, in despair, he entreats the Secretary as he is stepping into his carriage.

"Oh, ah, Mr. John Smith! Yes, sir! Your papers have been examined, and they are perfectly satisfactory. But—"

"Perfectly satisfactory, sir! I am delighted!" exclaimed Mr. Smith, with exquisite happiness.

"But I am sorry to have to say, that the office you seek is not vacant. It is our determination to retain the present incumbent. Good-morning, Mr. Smith."

Mr. Smith looks after the Secretary's carriage as it rolls away. His eyes are dim with tears. He thinks of his debt at Gadsby's; of the borrowed money on which he came on to Washington, to be paid on his return; of his wife and children; and the next morning Mr. Smith's body is found in Green River!

The Coroner's inquest reported, "Death by drowning." The Recording Angel records, "Death by office-seeking."

THE POOR MAN'S FAIRIES.

BY CHARLOTTE YOUNG.

Oh! mine is a fairy home,
Tho' 'tis humble enough and poor;
There are prints of their tiny feet
All over the sanded floor.

There are sounds as of elfin glee,
That awake me at peep of day;
There are wee things about my path,
Ere I meet with my spade away.

Last night, ere I left the field,
A friend, with a smiling face,
Came to ask me to go with him
To some merry carousing place.

But methought that the while he talked
I was touched with a magic wand—
With a sprightly glimmer of starry eyes,
And a look I can ne'er withstand.

I saw one sweet anxious face
Await in the porch for me,
While three little busy elves
Were as merry as elves could be.

I saw their sweet looks of love,
And my heart set off through the wood;
So I bade my old friend good-night,
And followed as fast as I could.

One fairy had made my tea,
And another had sliced my bread,
And a tiny one had clambered my knee
For a kiss ere she went to bed.

And Bess is the fairy queen,
And Harry, and Jane, and Kate,
Are the three little busy elves
Who clustered around my gate.

Oh! mine is a fairy home,
Tho' men say there are fairies no more;
Still they beckon me when I roam,
And peer in at my cottage door.

A WESTERN STEAMER.

Rev. J. P. Thompson, one of the editors of the N. Y. Independent, who has lately been on a Western tour, thus sketches a Western steamer:

A Western steamboat is at first sight a novelty to one familiar only with Eastern models. The boats on the Western waters are very slightly built, mere shells of pine, shallow, long, narrow, flat-bottomed, open and flaring on all sides, just as represented in Banvard's panorama. There is no cabin either below the deck or upon it. The engines are placed immediately on deck, two huge furnaces flaring upon you as you enter the boat, and giving you rather uncomfortable hints of a choice between fire and water in making your exit from the world. This passing suggestion grows into a fixed apprehension when you notice the carelessness of the structure, and the recklessness of the engineers and firemen. Huge flaming brands and coals are dropping continually upon the thinnest possible sheathing of sheet-iron, in many places worn through to the plank; heated pipes on which you cannot bear your hand are in immediate contact with boards as dry as tinder, and perhaps already charred; goods, you know not how inflammable, are strewn promiscuously around the boilers, while huge piles of dry pine wood waiting to be consumed, are crowded in the vicinity of the fires. But not every traveller has the habit that I confess to, of prying into every thing about him, and therefore few probably enjoy the peculiar sensation of sailing on the rim of a volcano. However there is nothing like getting used to it, and I learned to sleep quite soundly directly over the boiler—for one most commonly chooses a state-room either over the boiler or along side the wheel. The cabin is up stairs, and extends nearly the whole length of the deck, over which it is perched upon sundry rough, unpainted posts, that seem too frail for a summer's breeze; this is divided into a long, narrow saloon from stem to stern, and a row of state-rooms on either hand. An apartment for ladies is curtained off at one extremity, while the main saloon is used for meals, conversation, promenading, card-playing, and whatever one may list. The kitchen, pantry, bar, &c., are all contiguous to the saloon; with every convenience for "life above stairs," so that passengers may spend days in and around this saloon without knowing anything of the deck-life below. Some of the state-rooms that both open into the saloon and upon the guard are very airy and pleasant. If, however, there is any deficiency in regard to neatness and comfort, it is in this department of the boat. We took passage in the Prairie State, one of the best boats on the river. The furniture was neat and the table excellent—always excepting the preponderance of grease in Western cookery. But the ideas of civilization exhibited in the state-rooms reminded me of Dr. Bushnell's discourse on Barbarism as the first danger of the West, a sermon that contained some of the truest of his paradoxes. In a cozy chat with the captain, a clever, polite, and attentive gentleman, I was on the point of suggesting how a few improvements would make his boat a paragon, when he anticipated me by a regular Western brag, to the effect that "He had been on them Eastern boats, and knew they pretended to a good deal, but as to making passengers *really comfortable*, they didn't begin alongside of what he could show them on the Illinois river!" As I knew that I had the best room on his boat, and that he was one of the best of captains, I gave up all criticism as hopeless, and retired to sleep upon the hardest bed, under the roughest coverlid, having first bribed the chamber-maid to change the sheets, and give us the luxury of a pitcher and tumbler for our private use.

GEORGE COMBE—THE PHRENOLOGIST.

George Combe belongs to a family of independent thinkers. His father was a skinner and tanner, and carried on business in a little village called Georgie, about two miles from Edinburgh. His brother Abram, who joined with Robert Owen in his schemes of social regeneration, followed the profession of his father, and his brother Andrew, the eminent physiologist, studied medicine.

The publication of Combe's "Constitution of Man," it is said, obtained for George the proposal to accept the hand of the daughter of the celebrated Mrs. Siddons; but in consequence of a hereditary tendency to consumption, the flattering offer was declined, unless the lady would consent that the union should be strictly Platonic. This stipulation was accepted, and the lady brought, it is reported, $150,000 to her philosopher lord. George Combe is a tall man, neatly and cleanly dressed, with a large, polished, bald head, a face donative of conscious force, and having a general expression of great self-esteem. He is a reformer, but believes that all permanent, intelligent progress is dependent on, and necessarily successive to a correct system of education, "based upon the system of moral philosophy, as indicated by the science of phrenology." George Combe has, for two years past, been successfully engaged in the establishment of a school in Edinburgh, upon the Massachusetts system. This was regarded as a most heretical innovation by certain narrow people, and the clergy set themselves to denounce, to preach against it, and to pray for its speedy annihilation; but they only persecuted it into strength, and it is now flourishing and efficient.

George Combe is a philosophical methodist. His bump of order is fully developed, and his "*time*" is "large," so that every thing he does is done when it should be done, and it is well done, too. The initiated say that, in strict conformity with Dr. Andrew's rules of dietetics, George masticates his food most thoroughly; reposes with his feet upon a high cushion during half-an-hour after every meal, until the gastric juice has got sufficient hold of the "alimental deposits," and then he goes to take his airings. This is doubtless a most excellent sanitary process, and those dyspeptics who are as *rich* as George Combe is, have no excuse if they do not pursue it. How many poor men wish they had the chance to try it!—*J. B. Syme.*

☞ That was a "bit of a wag" who said:—"When my wife was very sick, I called in an Allopathic physician; she got no better. I then called a Homœopathic, and she 'mended a little.' One day *he* broke his leg, and couldn't come at all; *then she got well.*"

THE BLOOMER DRESS.

AN ANSWER TO AUNT FANNY, BY MRS. SWISSHELM.

[illegible]

Mrs. Gage's political economy argument is a new phase in the question. She would save "twenty-four millions of dollars" per annum, by making every woman's dress a quarter of a yard shorter than they are now worn! Well, we feel about this as Paddy did about the cooking stove which he was told would save half the fuel. "Be dad, thin," said Pat, "why not get two av thim, and save it all?" If short skirts will save twenty-four millions, why not do without skirts, and save forty-eight? [illegible] But does it not occur to Mrs. Gage, if it would save that amount, it would only be by preventing the creation and circulation of so much national wealth? That there would be just twenty-four millions of dollars less goods manufactured and imported—so much less cotton, silk, and wool raised, manufactured, sold, cut out and made up, and so much less work and wages for agricultural laborers, factory girls, merchants and mantua-makers?—So far from having that capital to build school-houses, it would not be in existence. [illegible] But there would be no such saving, for ninety-nine women out of every hundred will just spend as much money for dress as they can get to spend. If it does not require so much stuff to make the dress, they will get a better material. What they lack in quantity will be made up in quality, or trimmings, and this would have a tendency to increase the importation of rich foreign goods, and depress our home manufactures. But has it been proposed by the friends of the new dress that all who adopt it shall save one-third the expense of the old costume, and appropriate it to a school fund? If so, we had not heard of it, and shall never say one word to discourage so philanthropic and self-sacrificing a spirit. We would never be able to muster grace, patience and patriotism enough to condone such an every-day martyrdom, and those who can, will deserve a monument.

We were not aware, until Mrs. Gage so informed us, that we had been in the habit of writing two columns per week on dress; and if we have done so, it is only another evidence that this is the centre of attraction around which the feminine mind must revolve. We have often expressed strong disapprobation of the funnel-shaped bodies, bustle and trailing-skirt, especially the two former, because they are suicidal; but we are not aware that we have ever, by precept or example, counselled the adoption of any dress which would make the wearer the observed of all observers—which makes the dress of more importance than the woman. And now we are done, both for the present and future, with this branch of the difference between Mrs. Gage and ourself.

SUCCESS IN LIFE.

One of the great aids, or hindrances, to success in anything lies in the temperament of a man. I do not know yours; but I venture to point out to you what is the best temperament, namely, a combination of the desponding and the resolute, or as I had better express it, of the apprehensive and the resolute. Such is the temperament of great commanders. Secondly, they rely upon nothing and upon nobody. There is such a powerful element of failure in all human affairs, that a shrewd man is always saying to himself, what shall I do, if that which I count upon does not come out as I expect. This foresight dwarfs and crushes all but men of great resolution.

Then, be not over-choice in looking out for what may exactly suit you; but rather be ready to adopt any opportunities that occur. Fortune does not stoop often to take any one up. Favorable opportunities will not happen precisely in the way that you have imagined. Nothing does. Do not be discouraged, therefore, by a present detriment in any course which may lead to something good. Time is so precious here.

Get, if you can, into one or other of the main grooves of human affairs. It is all the difference of going by railway, and walking over a ploughed field, whether you adopt common courses, or set up one for yourself. You will see, if your times are anything like ours, most inferior persons highly placed in the army, in the church, in office, at the bar. They have somehow got upon the line, and have moved on well with very little original motive power of their own. Do not let this make you talk as if merit were utterly neglected in these or any professions; only that getting well into the groove will frequently do instead of any great excellence.

* * * * * *

Whatever happens, do not be dissatisfied with your worldly fortunes, lest that speech be justly made to you, which was once made to a repining person much given to talk of how great she and hers had been. "Yes, madam," was the crushing reply, "we all find our level at last."

Eternally that fable is true, of a choice being given to men on their entrance into life. Two majestic women stand before you: one in rich vesture, superb, with what seems like a mural crown on her head and plenty in her hand, and something of triumph, I will not say of boldness, in her eye; and she, the queen of this world, can give you many things. The other is beautiful, but not alluring, nor rich, nor powerful; and there are traces of care and shame and sorrow in her face; and (marvellous to say) her look is downcast and yet noble. She can give you nothing, but she can make you somebody. If you cannot bear to part from her sweet sublime countenance which hardly veils with sorrow its infinity, follow her; follow her, I say, if you are really minded so to do; but do not, while you are on this track, look back with ill-concealed envy on the glittering things which fall in the path of those who prefer to follow the rich dame, and to pick up the riches and honors which fall from her cornucopia.

This is in substance what a true artist said to me only the other day, impatient, as he told me, of the complaints of those who would pursue art, and yet would have fortune.—*Companions of My Solitude.*

☞ PROGRESSION OF MANKIND.—Goethe, speaking of the perfectibility of the human understanding, says: "It is always advancing, but in a spiral line. Like a pointer coursing a field, it returns on its steps, and going backwards and forwards, before it advances, finally discovers its game."

For Housekeepers.

WHORTLEBERRY JELLY.—Pick and wash one quart of ripe whortleberries, and one quart of ripe white currants, put them into a pitcher, or any similar convenient vessel, cover the pitcher, closely, place it in a kettle of boiling water over the fire, and let the fruit boil constantly for one hour and a half; then strain the liquor through a fine wire sieve into a preserving pan, and add one pound of fine white sugar to every pint of the liquor, then boil the liquor five minutes, remove it from the fire, and let it stand until it has become cool, then pour it into the jelly glasses, and let it stand in the glasses twenty-four hours; then cover the top of each jelly with a circular paper wet with brandy, cover the glasses tightly, and keep them in a cool place until the jelly is wanted.—*Mrs. Bliss.*

CORN CAKES.—One pint good cream, one of buttermilk, one egg, one teaspoonful of saleratus, and one teaspoonful of salt. Stir in meal till it foams; not so convenient. If made of good meal this will be excellent cake.

PUFF-BALLS FOR WOUNDS.—A writer who signs himself H. B. G., states that the common puff-ball is perhaps the best possible application for a fresh cut or bleeding wound. Close the wound quickly as possible, break open the puff-ball and apply it directly, tying it on; it will stop the bleeding almost instantaneously, protect the wound like a cushion, so that you can scarcely cut or hurt it; and if the wound is not severe, you have only to let it alone, and it will be well almost before you are aware of it.

Agricultural.

RAT KILLING.

Of all the feats of rat killing I ever witnessed, none equaled that of a Yorkshireman, of the name of Featherstone, by means of steel traps. [illegible] They were then baited for two days, the baits being renewed as soon as it was discovered, by inspection, that they had been consumed. On those days people were prevented as much as possible, from frequenting the apartment in which the traps were placed, and dogs were entirely excluded. Removing the checks from the springs on the third day, and arming himself with a short stout stick, having a game-bag slung across his shoulders, Featherstone was on the alert; and the moment he heard the click of a trap he ran to it, removed the bundle of straw, knocked the rat on the head, if alive, threw it out of the trap, set it again, replaced the bundle, bagged the rat—all in a few seconds—and then resumed the watch. In the course of the day, from morning to afternoon, he had collected three hundred and eighty-five rats; and allowing every trap to have done equal execution, each had caught more than eighteen rats. He bargained for one penny a rat and his food; and in three days he earned in money £1 11s. 1d.—All the rats were of course not cleared of by this capture; but they received such a thinning as to prove comparatively harmless for years. Featherstone's first business on the day following the capture, was to clean each trap bright before setting out on his journey; and he seemed to place greater reliance on the cleanly state of his traps than on any other circumstance—and thereby, no doubt, the suspicion of the rats was allayed.—*Stephens' Farmers' Guide.*

CURIOUS PHENOMENON.—The following statement of a curious phenomenon in vegetable life, must, I think, prove valuable to every fruit-grower and agriculturist, as it is certainly interesting to every investigator of vegetation.—About the first of July, I observed in a small pear orchard, a short distance from our village, some six or eight large and healthy looking trees, entirely divested of the bark, from the lower limbs to the ground, a space of more than six feet.

I inquired of the owner, who, with a neighboring farmer was standing by, "whether he desired to kill those trees?" He replied that he did not; but that he had removed the bark in order to improve their fruit and general health. This, with my views of the vegetable economy, appeared so absurdly ridiculous, that I laughingly remarked, "he might just as well cut off a man's head, and expect him to live on in renewed and vigorous health." He told me that he once thought so also, but he now knew that when the bark was entirely stripped from the body of a tree, *during any of the three or four longest days of June*, it would be replaced with new bark, and the tree would be altogether more thrifty. I started on my horse, and with a very significant gesture, inquired "if he saw any thing particularly verdant besides the trees?" His neighbor then interposed, and assured me that all I had been told was serious truth, and that if I would go with him to his orchard, he would show me healthy and flourishing trees, that had been barked in the same way some years before, the bark now perfectly renewed. I did not go to see them, but a few days ago I examined those first mentioned, and found the denuded trunk covered with a new growth of bark more than an eighth of an inch thick. I have passed those trees almost daily, since the commencement of this process, and could not discover that the maturation of the fruit had been at all retarded, or that the verdure underwent the slightest change.

In the publication of this case, it is my desire to call the attention of some one of your readers, acquainted with this phenomenon and its rationale, to the subject, and ask for its explanation. In my inquiries thus far, I have met with but three intelligent individuals who were willing to believe the story, and none that could explain, by any rational process, the theory upon which the physiological rationale is based. For my own part I have none to offer; for this is a branch of natural science that I have never given the careful study it deserves. I simply submit the statement, vouching for its truth, and would suggest, that whoever undertakes its explanation, will endeavor to answer the following queries:—How is the circulation carried on after the bark is removed? What is that peculiar influence of season, exerted within those three or four days in June, at which time, it is said, the experiment is only successful, that causes the restorative process in the renewal of the bark? and how is this renewal effected?—*Correspon. of Ledger, Darby, Del. Co., Pa.*

J. W. Eunting, of Andalusia, Bucks County, thus replies to the above:

It is the prevalent impression, even among scientific men, that all circulation is conducted through the medium of the cortex; but this is unfounded. The circulation in plants is perfectly analogous to that in animals; one set of vessels conveying the sap *from*, another set returning it *to*, the earth. The sap *ascends* through the liburnum, and after performing its functions *descends* through the vessels of the cortex.

As it is essential to the animal economy that all the blood carried by the arteries from the heart, should, not being otherwise disposed of, be conveyed by the veins back to the heart; so is it equally essential to the phytological organization, that all the sap that ascends through the vessels of the liburnum should be returned through the proper vessels, unless disposed of otherwise.

This prepares us to answer his second inquiry: "What is the peculiar influence of that particular season, (i. e. about the four longest days in June?") I believe the operation may be successfully performed at any time the tree has attained its full vigor. This usually occurs about the latter end of this month. The fruit is now rapidly increasing in bulk, and requires all the sustenance the tree can impart to it. Hence very little of the sap is returned to the earth; and if the tree be now decorticated, its retreat is cut off entirely. It is then taken up by the fruit, which is consequently more vigorous and luxuriant than if less amply supplied with this fructifying principle.

The new bark is formed in the same manner as the new cuticle is in animals—by a secretion thrown out by the circulating fluid.

VIRGINIA WOOL.—Nineteen years ago, as we passed through Western and Middle Virginia, they were speculating on the probable advantage of introducing sheep husbandry. What was then probability is now certainty. A few Northern wool-growers, according to the Richmond *Whig*, have settled in the range of counties immediately under the Blue Ridge, extending from the Potomac to the frontier of North Carolina, consisting of Fauquier, Orange, Albermarle, Henry, and Patrick. The sheep are healthy, the grasses which sustain them grow luxuriantly, and wool-less are scarce. In some of these counties uncleared land is to be had for fifty cents per acre. To protect the sheep from dogs, who are more dangerous than wolves, the method of putting a bell on one in ten of the flock has been adopted. Dogs that kill sheep do it at night and in silence, but the noise of the bell terrifies and drives them off.—*New York Post.*

POTATO ROT.—The potato rot seems to be very extensive in New York State. Potatoes, which looked fine only a week ago, are found blighted. Many have commenced digging them earlier than usual, with a view to saving them if possible; but it seems to make but little if any difference. In a few hours, from fine, healthy bulbs, they waste away with disease in a most unaccountable manner. Many of the potatoes which are sold in the Philadelphia markets are seriously affected with this same disease. We do not know in what particular quarter they have been raised, but we noticed the fact and infer that the injury has been quite extensive.

THE ENGLISH IDEA OF BUTTER.

Mr. Stephens, in his book of the Farm, thus dwells upon butter and butter-making:

[illegible]

What I have stated in reference to the making of butter, applies particularly to that obtained from cream alone, and from cream in the usual state for butter, namely, after it has become sour by keeping; but butter can be obtained from sweet cream, though churning [illegible] as soon as that from sour cream. To have butter in perfection from sweet cream it should be churned every day. The table churn becomes useful for this purpose. I see it alleged, in advertisements of table churns, that butter may be made in them from cream in ten or twelve minutes. I have made several experiments with such a table churn, in churning cream at different velocities, but never obtained good butter in less than thirty minutes, and when formed so quickly as in fifteen minutes, the butter was soft and frothy. I have heard it alleged that butter of the finest quality cannot be obtained from sweet cream, but I know from experience that butter of the richest quality, flavor and appearance, can be made from sweet cream. Were not such butter super-excellent, would noblemen have it on their tables every morning? I consider butter out of the churn and before it is washed most delicious. It is true that sweet cream requires longer churning than sour, still butter is obtained from it in thirty to forty minutes. For my own use, I would never desire better butter, the year round, than that churned every morning in a small churn from sweet cream. Such butter on new baked oat-cake, overlaid with flower virgin honey, accompanied with a cup of hot strong coffee, mollified with crystallized sugar and cream, such as the butter has been made from, is a breakfast worth partaking of, but seldom to be obtained.

THE BEST KIND OF FOWLS.—As I have for several years been more or less engaged in poultry raising, and have within the time kept nearly all kinds of domestic fowls common to this country, I have often been asked the question,—"Which are the most profitable hens to keep?" but have not been able to decide fully which were the most so until lately. And I now give you my decision, hoping that some of your readers may be profited by my experience:

If your object be to keep hens for laying, keep the pure black Spanish fowls. Even if you pay a large price for them, they will soon pay you back the money with interest. But if your object be to raise chickens for marketing, cross the black Spanish with the red Shanghe or Cochin China fowls; as chickens produced from such a cross will attain a larger size and come to maturity much sooner than the clear Asiatic fowls. And those—if any there be who doubt the above statement, are cordially invited to visit my poultry-yard and see for themselves.

As I am free to give you my experience in poultry raising, I hope others will give theirs as freely; and if there are really any better fowls than the above named—and it can be proved so—then I am willing to give up beat. Now, friends, do give us a little of your experience in the matter; and when convenient call and visit my pure stock of imported Spanish fowls.—J. DIMON, *in N. E. Farmer.*

The Riddler.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 32 letters.
My 1, 14, 8, 20, 18, 23, 10, is a town in Rhode Island.
My 2, 20, 7, 29, is a town in Iowa.
My 3, 19, 8, 11, is a town in Massachusetts.
My 4, 29, 30, 19, 22, 17, is a town in New Jersey.
My 5, 31, 26, 9, 30, is a town in Maine.
My 6, 22, 16, 20, is a town in Michigan.
My 7, 16, 8, 19, 23, 5, is a town in Delaware.
My 8, 17, 9, 25, 19, is a town in Illinois.
My 9, 30, 7, 31, is a town in Connecticut.
My 10, 25, 29, 26, is a town in Ohio.
My 11, 20, 9, 1, 30, is a town in Tennessee.
My 12, 30, 14, 3, 21, is a town in Indiana.
My 13, 19, 23, 30, is a town in Georgia.
My 14, 30, 25, is a town in New Hampshire.
My 15, 19, 1, 31, is a town in Missouri.
My 16, 6, 17, 20, 30, is a town in Alabama.
My 17, 25, 1, 10, 31, 6, 21, is a town in Louisiana.
My 18, 20, 5, 9, is a town in Virginia.
My 19, 8, 20, 31, is a town in Mississippi.
My 20, 22, 31, 11, 6, 25, is a town in Florida.
My 21, 20, 1, 19, 23, 26, 5, is a town in Maryland.
My 22, 9, 16, 17, 10, 23, 5, is a town in Arkansas.
My 23, 26, 30, 9, 3, 4, is a town in North Carolina.
My 24, 31, 20, 1, 13, 14, 30, is a town in Vermont.
My 25, 10, 19, 3, 17, is a town in South Carolina.
My 26, 16, 3, 10, 9, is a town in Minnesota.
My 27, 31, 8, 11, 25, 20, is a town in Oregon.
My 28, 18, 8, 21, is a town in New York.
My 29, 13, 7, 11, 25, 30, is a town in Kentucky.
My 30, 25, 10, 13, 9, 26, is a town in Texas.
My 31, 7, 29, 2, 32, is a town in Wisconsin.
My 32, 20, 13, 24, 18, 6, 9, 23, 26, 17, is a town in Pennsylvania.

My whole is the name of a noted summer retreat among the Jersey Pines.

JOSEPH P. ROWAND, Jr.
Pemberton, New Jersey.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

No lady's cold heart can be harder
Than my first has ever been found;
It revels alike in the sunlight,
As deep in the sea as the ground.

My second is dark as Erebus,
As bright as the face of "Miss Neal,"
It vies with the fame of the diamond,
Is sharp as a dagger of steel.

My whole has the state of a nabob,
Is drawn by the swift rolling car;
It cheers both the poor and the noble,
And glows like the gleam of a star.

Though first in a palace of darkness
It dwells, like a heathen in night,
It yields to the labor of mortals,
And cheers us with heat and with light.

Oak Hill College. S. H. D.

PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Suppose a semispherical vessel, whose diameter is 12 inches, be filled with water, at what distance from the edge must a person stand (the perpendicular height of whose eye is 4 feet above the top of the vessel,) so as just to see the centre of its bottom?

Montpelier, Vermont. F. H. T.

CONUNDRUMS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

☞ When should a musician be punished as a counterfeiter. Ans.—When he produces false notes.

☞ When is a man's head like two letters of the alphabet? Ans.—When it is empty. (M. T.)

☞ When should a person be frightened at a reed? Ans.—When he sees a bull-rush.

☞ Why is the Waterloo bridge at London like a celebrated one at Venice. Ans.—It is a bridge of sighs (size).

☞ Why should the Bloomer costume be carefully studied? Ans.—Because it is a work of Pantology.

Oak Hill College. S. H. D.

CABINET OF CURIOSITIES.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A pair of pants mended by a potato patch
A small clap of political thunder.
An old fence fastened up with beef steaks (stakes).

East Clarksfield, Huron County, Ohio. C. H. R.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

ACROSTICAL ENIGMA.—MARTIN F. TUPPER.

ENIGMA.

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE, EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH.

CHARADE.—FREESTONE.

PROBLEM.

Height of the window four feet and six inches.

THE IRISH PEASANTRY.—I have been painfully disappointed in the apparent condition of the rural peasantry on the line of travel from Belfast to Dublin, which I had understood formed an exception to the general misery of Ireland. Out of the towns, not one habitation in ten is fit for human beings to live in, but mere low, cramped hovels of rock, mud and straw; not one-half the families on the way seem to have so much as one acre of land to each household; not half the men to be seen have coats to their backs; and not one in four of the women and children have each a pair of shoes or stockings. And these feet!—if the owners would only wash them once a week, the general aspect of affairs in this section would be materially brightened. Wretchedness, rags and despair salute me on every side; and if this be the best part of Ireland, what must the state of the worst be!—*Horace Greeley.*

The Olio.

THE WOMEN OF ENGLAND.—About a century ago, it was customary for the wives and daughters of the Peers, and other honorable ladies, to sit in the gallery of the House of Lords, listening to or looking at the speakers. The younger members of the House were often distracted by their charms, and with their eyes fixed on the gallery, when they should have been looking at the speakers; and winking, nodding, and playing pantomime with their female cousins when they should have been laying in freights of political economy. The nobles, taking offence at this levity, [illegible] passed a resolution that hereafter no woman should be admitted to the House or gallery. Next day all the West End was in commotion—ladies in their carriages flying in all directions; shortly before six P. M. the whole posse of noblemen's wives, headed by the Duchess of Devonshire, beset the door, demanding admittance. In obedience to his instructions, the door-keeper refused. They made a rush, pushed him on one side, while they entered like a flock of pigeons, and filled the whole gallery. When the Peers took their seats, they were confounded to see their wives and married daughters, to the number of some hundred, dressed with all their ornaments, and making a silent meeting, like a company of Friends. As soon as a quorum entered, the Speaker took the chair; the Sergeant-at-arms was desired to clear the galleries; the ladies dared him to touch them, and claimed their right as Peeresses of the realm. The Sergeant-at-arms bowed to the Speaker for orders. The noblemen began to laugh, the resolution was reconsidered, and laid on the table. The majority were proud of their dames for the noble stand they had taken in defence of their rights.

HAVANA GALLANTRY.—You do not see here, as in Mexico, hundreds of superbly-mounted *caballeros*, making their steeds champ, and prance, and curvet, till their weighty silver ornaments flash like lightning on the eye. Here the gentlemen are generally pedestrian promenaders, if they are not lounging, stretched out in their luxurious volantes themselves. They walk leisurely and gently along, smoking the fragrant weed, and gazing at the fair Habaneras who are passing in their fairy coaches on wheels; and they tell me it is the fashion here, when a gallant señor sees some particularly lovely young doña, for him to exclaim—"How beautiful—how lovely!" and for her to reply, with a slight gracious inclination of her little stag-like head—"Gracias, caballero." I was not a little surprised, at first, at the answer the ladies make to the universally-employed salutation—"A los pies de V. señorita!" "Beso las manos de V. caballero!" (I am at your feet, madam!—I kiss your hands, sir!) But the dignified gentleness with which they say it, seemed to take off from the too great condescension apparently expressed. It was as superbly gracious as the bending of a crowned head in acknowledgment of a subject's homage.—*Lady Wortley's Travels.*

BETRAY NOT CONFIDENCE.—For once that secrecy is formally imposed upon you, it is implied a hundred times by the concurrent circumstances. All that your friend says to you, as to his friend, is intrusted to you only. Much of what a man tells you in the hour of affliction, in sudden anger, or in any outpouring of his heart, should be sacred. *In his craving for sympathy, he has spoken to you as to his own soul.*

To repeat what you have heard in social intercourse is sometimes a sad treachery; and when it is not treacherous, it is often foolish. For you commonly relate but a part of what has happened, or, even if you are able to relate that part with *fairness*, it is still as likely to be misconstrued as a word of many meanings, in a foreign tongue, without the context.

There are few conversations which do not imply some degree of mutual confidence, however slight. And in addition to that which is said in confidence, there is generally something which is peculiar, though not confidential; which is addressed to the present company alone, though not confided to their secrecy. It is meant for them, or for persons like them, and they are expected to understand it rightly.

SLEEPING FLOWERS.—Almost all flowers sleep during the night. The marigold goes to bed with the sun, and with him rises weeping. Many plants are so sensitive that their leaves close during the passage of a cloud. The dandelion opens at five or six in the morning, and shuts at nine in the evening. The "goat beard" wakes at three in the morning, and shuts at five or six in the afternoon. The common daisy shuts up its blossom in the evening, and opens its "day's eye" to meet the early beams of the morning sun. The crocus, tulip, and many others, close their blossoms at different hours towards evening. The ivy-leaved lettuce opens at eight in the morning, and closes forever at four in the afternoon. The night-flowering cereus turns night into day. It begins to expand its magnificent sweet-scented blossoms in the twilight, it is full-blown at midnight, and closes never to open again with the dawn of day. In a clover-field not a leaf opens until after sunrise! So says a celebrated English author, who has devoted much time to the study of plants, and often watched them during their quiet slumbers. Those plants which seem to be awake all night, he styles "the bats and owls of the vegetable kingdom."

The Florist.

HYDRANGEA HORTENSIS.—This is a much neglected plant; under good treatment, it is a fine object, remaining a long time in flower. Cuttings rooted in the Fall, should be placed in small pots and kept over Winter. They will not require much water when deciduous. When the buds start in Spring, rub them all off except the top one, and shift in six or eight inch pots in turf loam. These will form one noble truss of flowers very unlike what is generally seen. The flowers are ordinarily of a pinkish color; they may be turned blue by watering occasionally with a weak solution of alum, or mixing the sediment of a grindstone with the soil; some varieties of peaty soil also have the same effect. Water freely when in flower, and sparingly in Winter. They are very hardy, and may be kept out of doors if covered up with leaves in cold weather.—*Hovey's Mag.*

THE LARGE FLOWERED BIGNONIA.—The profusion and variety which distinguish the display of flowering plants during the early part of the season, disappear usually by the middle of Summer, and a destitution is often felt for the rest of the year. For this reason those which make their appearance late in Summer and early in Autumn become doubly desirable. Among these are the large flowering Bignonia, (BIGNONIA *grandiflora*, TECOMA *of Juss.*,) which for richness and magnificence is scarcely surpassed at any time of the year. It is a climbing shrub, like the old trumpet flower, (*Bignonia radicans*,) and may be trained in the form of a pillar, or to the face of a wall. As far North as forty-three degrees, it is slightly tender, and needs a slight protection with evergreen boughs in Winter. If left exposed, the tips of the shoots will be destroyed.

The foliage much resembles that of the common trumpet flower, but is of a much darker green; the flowers measure from three to three-and-a-half inches across the coral, and single racemes are often a foot long. This large size, added to their rich orange color, renders them eminently ornamental and showy. The plant continues to bloom through the latter part of Summer and through several of the earlier weeks of Autumn.

SUMMER PRUNING OF GRAPES.—As very erroneous notions generally prevail as to the Summer management of grapes, frequent hints to cultivators are necessary. We have noticed that in many cases already the main shoots have been cut back to the fruit, thus depriving the fruit of the nourishment and support which without this mutilation would be given by a vigorous shoot, in the foliage, of which the sap, with other matter taken up from the atmosphere, would be elaborated into suitable food for the growth and maturing of the fruit. By cutting off those shoots the fruit is robbed of its support which nature has provided.

We have noticed in a garden, kept by a professional gardener, where there were a large quantity of grapes, that all the new shoots had been cut back to the fruit, so as to leave it exposed to the sun, excepting on one trellis, where they, fortunately, had been neglected. The grapes on that trellis were well grown, and ripening well, while all the others were imperfectly grown, and remained green.

When grapes are improperly pruned as we have named, in *July*, they will often send out new shoots and recover, in some measure, from the evil, but when this pruning is done rather late, it often destroys the crop.

There is generally a great error in not pruning grapes thoroughly in the Fall, or in the Spring, so that there is a great mass of vines, which often leads to the erroneous mode of pruning which we have named. When the vines become too thick from a very luxuriant growth, and previous scanty pruning, the best remedy is to cut off lateral branches, and all feeble shoots, and cut out whole small vines on which there is little or no fruit, and allow the main shoots to run twenty or thirty feet if they will.—*N. E. Farmer.*